

*Walter THE GILLES*  
BLACK BIRD

*John A CHOICE Kirkham*  
COLLECTION

OF

THE MOST CELEBRATED

S O N G S

Few of which are to be found in any other Collection

By WILLIAM HUNTER

PHILO-ARCHITECTONIC

EDINBURGH

Printed by J. BRUCE and COMPANY

Moir Book-binder in

MDCCLXIV





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[ 1 ]

A  
COLLECTION  
OF CHOICE  
SONGS.



THE MEDLEY.

O F all the girls in our town,  
     Katy's the only girl of renown,  
     With her black Jock, and belly so white.  
 One day as Katy was walking along,  
     Singing to herself a song,  
     She wantonly thus began,  
     Thinking to draw some cully in,  
                                 With her black Jock, &c.

II.

The man that ventures fairest and farthest for my sake,  
                                 With a fall, &c.  
 The soonest of my purse and person shall partake.  
                                 With a fall, &c.  
 No drowsy, lazy clown shall a conquest make of me,  
 But to the lad that's clever how civil could I be,  
                                 With my fall, &c.

III.

A tawny fac'd Jew, by chance,  
     Was walking by that way;  
 He tipt her an am'rous glance,  
     And thus to her did say.

A

Come

## IV.

Come here, my pretty creature,  
 If you'll with me ly down,  
     With your fall, &c.  
 No, kind Sir, I thank you,  
     I would not for a crown,  
     With my fall, &c.  
 A crown's, my dear, a trifle,  
     See here's a purse of gold.  
 Upon my word and honour,  
     I think I will make bold,  
     To your fall, &c.

## V.

Thus they did revel all night, and did roll,  
 Till my poor Jew had lost all his coal.  
 O my poor Jew ! O my poor Jew ! says Katy,  
 I have no more for you.

## VI.

What ! now I have lost all my coal,  
 You slight me because I am poor :  
     Be not so pert, my dear,  
 Your pride it will soon have a fall.

## VII.

Not long after Katy had turn'd off her Jew,  
 By fatal misfortune it chanc'd to be true,  
 Mark what misfortune to Katy befel,  
 For whoring she's sent to mill dole in Bridewell.

## VIII.

When she came to the hempen block,  
 She threw off her cloaths, and mill'd in her smock :  
     When she found the hemp was tough,  
 She threw off her smock, and mill'd in her buff.

## IX.

O what a change of fortune is this !  
 See, see the effects of doing amiss !  
 O that I in a cottage had dwelt !  
 Contented I'd live, and in quiet my self.

Ladies



Ladies of pleasure, be warn'd by my fall,  
 Left you, like poor Katy, should come to mill dole :  
 Come to mill dole, gang to mill dole ;  
 Left you, like poor Katy, should gang to mill dole.

X.

Now Katy's in prison, now what shall we do,  
 To relieve her from prison, and a flashing too ?  
 We'll instantly apply to some heroic lad,  
 We'll break down the prison, and set Justice mad.  
 Sing tantararara, whores all, whores all.

\*\*\*\*\*

To the Tune of *Hosier's Ghost*.

COME, my lads, with souls besitting,  
 Let us never be dismay'd ;  
 Let's revenge the wrongs of Britain,  
 And support her injur'd trade.  
 The true spirit of the nation,  
 In our honest hearts we bring ;  
 True, tho' in a humble station,  
 To our country, and our king.

France no longer shall assume, boys,  
 The wide ocean as their own ;  
 For the time, at last, is come, boys,  
 We've their top sails low'r'd down.  
 Tho' in politicks contesting,  
 Round and round they veer about,  
 All their shifts, and manifesting,  
 We will with our broadsides rout.

Hark ! the British cannon thunders ;  
 See, my lads, our ships appear ;  
 Ev'ry Briton acting wonders,  
 Strikes the French coast o'er with fears.



Cape Breton, once fam'd in story,  
 Now, at last, submits to fate;  
 Boscawen's courage gains us glory,  
 And his mercy proves us great.

May all British lads, like you, boys,  
 Prove, on shore, stout hearts and bold;  
 To your king and country true, boys,  
 And be neither bought nor sold.  
 May our statesmen all be true, boys,  
 And their orders be exact;  
 Then foreign nations soon we'll show, boys,  
 How we'll thunder when we act.

Then fill a bumper to Boscawen,  
 Sir Charles Hardy and Durell,  
 And to all our gallant seamen,  
 Who're ne'er fright'ned at a fail.  
 A health to Amherst and his soldiers,  
 Who boldly ventur'd on the shore,  
 To let the Frenchmen and their Indians  
 Hear our British cannons roar.



To its own Tune.

**T**O Fanny fair I will impart,  
 The cause of all my woe;  
 That beauty that has gain'd my heart,  
 She scarcely seems to know:  
 Unskill'd in th' arts of women kind,  
 Without design she charms;  
 How can these sparkling eyes be blind,  
 Which ev'ry bosom warms,

She knows her art is all deceit,  
 Those conscious blushes show;  
 Those blushes to the eyes more sweet  
 Than th' op'ning budding rose:

Yet

Yet the delicious fragrant rose,  
That charms the taste so much,  
Upon a thorny brier grows,  
And wounds at ev'ry touch.

At first when I beheld the fair,  
With raptures I was blest,  
But when I would approach more near,  
At last I lost my rest.  
Th' enchanting fair, the sweet surprise,  
Prepare me for my doom ;  
One cruel look from those bright eyes,  
Will lay me in my tomb.



To its own Tune.

**T**Rade's awry, and so am I,  
As well as some folks that are greater ;  
But by the war we now enjoy,  
We hope to be richer and straighter.  
Bribery must be laid aside,  
To somebody's mortification ;  
He that is guilty let him be try'd,  
And expos'd for a rogue to the nation.

I'm that little fellow call'd Punchinello,  
Much beauty I carry about me ;  
I'm witty, I'm pretty, I come to delight you,  
You can't be merry without me.

My cape it is like to a sugar loaf,  
And round my collar I wear a ruff,  
I strip and show you my shapes in buff,  
But I fear the Ladies will frown me.  
My rising back and distorted breast,  
Whene'er I show it, becomes a jest ;

But as for that below my waift,  
No Lady e'er needs doubt me.

Æſop was a monſtrous ſlave,  
And waited at Xanthus' table,  
He was a comical knave at a jeſt,  
And an excellent dab at a fable.

When I preſume to ſhow my ſhape,  
You'll take me for juſt ſuch another,  
For by my looks and humour ſo free,  
You wou'd take me for him, or his brother.  
The fair, the comely, they think me homely,  
Becaufe I'm tawny and crooked ;  
But he that by nature is taller and ſtraighter,  
May happen to be but a blockhead.

I, fair Ladies, am full as wiſe,  
As he that tickles your ear with lies,  
And thinks he pleaſes your charming eyes,  
With a rat tail'd wig, and a cockade :  
I mean, the bully that never fought,  
Yet dreſſes himſelf in a ſcarlet coat,  
Without a commiſſion, and not worth a groat,  
And ſtruts with an empty pocket.



To its own Tune.

**M**Ortals, wiſely learn to meaſure  
Time by the extent of joys,  
Life is ſhort, and fleeting pleaſure.  
Let's be gay, while we may,  
And our time in mirth employ.

Never let a miſtreſs pain you,  
Tho' ſhe meet you with a frown :

Fly

Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,  
Ease your heart, and all smart  
In the dear oblivion drown.

If love's fiercer flames should seize you,  
To some gentle nymph repair,  
She'll with soft endearments ease you:  
On her breast lull to rest,  
Ease of love, and free from care.

Friendship, love, and wine united,  
From all ills defend the mind,  
Be then guarded and delighted:  
Happy state smiles at fate,  
And gives sorrows to the wind.



To its own Tune.

**B**EHOLD the sweet flowers around,  
With all the bright beauties they wear,  
Yet none on the plain can be found,  
So lovely as Celia is fair.  
You warblers then tune your sweet throats,  
No longer in silence remain;  
O lend a fond lover your notes,  
To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft times in a flow'ry vale,  
I breathe my complaints in a song;  
Fair Flora attends all the while,  
And sweetens the borders along.  
But Celia, whose breath might perfume  
The bosom of Flora in May,  
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,  
Regardless of what I can say.



To its own Tune.

**G**ENTLE sailer, oft you've told me,  
That you'd never leave your love,  
To your vow I now must hold you,  
Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Briton's flag degraded,  
When the Frenchmen brave our fleet;  
Can a sailor live upbraided,  
When a Frenchman dares to meet.

Hear me, gallant sailer, hear me,  
If your nation has a foe,  
He is mine, then stay not near me,  
I may weep, but you must go.

Can the sons of Britain fail her,  
When her daughters are so true;  
Our soft courage fires each sailor,  
We have honour loving you.



To its own Tune.

**Y**OU beauteous nymphs and joyful swains,  
That worship Cytherea's shrine,  
With joyful echoes fill the plain,  
For now the fair Olinda's mine.

You chirping birds, convey your notes  
Thro' all the regions of the air,  
And stretch your little warbling throats,  
'Till she is kind, as well as fair.

To its own Tune.

When the cows had given a pale-full,  
 And the ewes came bleating home,  
 Dolly thought it would be healthful,  
 Went a-walking with young Tom.  
 Hand in hand, Sir, o'er the land, Sir,  
 As they walked to and fro,  
 Tom made jolly love to Dolly,  
 Still she answer'd no, no, no,  
 No Tom, no Tom, no Tom, no.

Now it is the time besitting,  
 We can never have the like,  
 You can never leave off knitting,  
 Whilst I'm delving at the dyke:  
 Now we're gone to, and alone too,  
 No one nigh to see or know,  
 Come, come, Dolly, shall I, shall I,  
 Still she answer'd no, no, no,  
 No Tom, no Tom, no Tom, no.

Fye upon the man, says Dolly,  
 Into what snares you'd make me fall,  
 You'll have nothing but the folly,  
 I shall have the Devil and all.  
 Tom with sobs, and some fly nods,  
 Says, you're a fool to argue so;  
 Come, come, Dolly, shall I, shall I,  
 Still she answer'd no, no, no,  
 No Tom, no Tom, no Tom, no.

To a tavern straight he took her,  
 Wine to love's a friend confess,  
 By the hand he often shook her,  
 And drank brimmers of the best.  
 Doll grew warm, and thought no harm,  
 'Till after a brisk glass or two;

To

To what he said, the silly maid  
 Could hardly bring up no, no, no,  
 No Tom, no Tom, no Tom, no.

She swore he was the prettiest fellow  
In the country, or the town,  
And began to grow so mellow,  
On the couch she lean'd her down.  
Tom came to her, for to woo her,  
Thinking this the time to try ;  
Something pass'd that pleas'd at last,  
Her no was chang'd to ay, ay, ay,  
Ay Tom, ay Tom, ay Tom, ay.

Closely then they join'd their faces,  
Lovers, you know what I mean,  
Nor could she hinder his embraces,  
Love had got then too far in :  
Kissing, sighing, panting, dying,  
A calm succeeds the stormy joys ;  
'Tom would fain have don't again,  
And Doll she cries out, ay, ay, ay,  
Ay Tom, ay Tom, ay Tom, ay.



To the Tune of *Bannocks of Bear meal.*

DEAR Molly, I love you,  
I hope there's no harm in that,  
You are so handsome,  
So lovely, so charming, that  
E'er since I saw you,  
My heart plays ay pitta pat.  
Now I'm grown lean and dry,  
That was once sleek and fat.  
Save me, save me, dear Molly, save me,  
I must go hang myself, if you won't have me.

I'm



I'm grown a mere sloven,  
That once was a flirting fop,  
My fine coal black hair  
You'd take for a dirty mop.

My face it looks parched,  
Like an over-done mutton chop,  
That not of gravy  
Can yield one single drop.

Gravy, gravy, not one drop gravy,  
So lean and so wither'd is grown your poor Davie.

First when I was ask'd  
To drink tea with my Molly dear,  
I call'd for my garnet stone,  
Buckles and solitaire ;  
I sent for my barber,  
Said, shave me quite close, d'ye hear,  
And you shall have sixpence,  
That you may drink ale and beer.

Shave me, shave me, powder and shave me,  
Make me look spruce and trim, e'er you do  
leave me.

Then fast to the place of  
Appointment I hurried me,  
Where your sparkling eyes  
Right fore did beworry me.  
From that very minute,  
I thought on no other she,  
And now I do humbly crave,  
That you my bride would be.

Crave you, crave you, oh ! how I'll crave you,  
I wish to be smothered, if I an't your slavie.

Now, if you'll consent,  
You dear little knavie,  
That you my bride will be,  
Never to leave me ;

My firname 'tis Drop,  
My christen'd name Davie,  
And when we are married,  
We'll go to Glen Navie.  
Navie, Navie, go to Glen Navie,  
Who'll be so happy as Molly and Davie.



The flowers of the forest.

**A** DIEU ye streams that smoothly glide  
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,  
I'll in some lonely cave reside,  
And ever mourn my faithful swain.  
Flower of the forest was my love,  
Soft as the sighing summer's gale,  
Gentle and constant as the dove,  
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,  
For me he search'd the banks around ;  
But ah ! the sad and fatal day,  
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.  
Now droops the willow o'er the stream,  
Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove,  
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,  
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.



An Irish song.

**T**HERE was a wedding in Bellanamore,  
And there was a hundred lacking fourscore.  
You're welcome, gentlemen, welcome all of you,  
Welcome gramachrie, welcome my deary.

Johnie

Johnie Macharrel, that pretty young man,  
He came to the wedding with his long-tail'd garran.  
You're welcome, &c.

Potatoes and herrings are good meat for men,  
But for Mrs. Bride they have kill'd a fat hen.  
You're welcome, &c.

Upon the long table was many a fine dish,  
Brackley, butter, and stinking salt fish.  
You're welcome, &c.

When the bride came down with her shameful face,  
Round her green petticoat was a red lace.  
You're welcome, &c.

When they begun to pull off her hose,  
You could not come nigh her for the smell of her toes.  
You're welcome, &c.

'Tis the custom of the country when the bride goes to  
She pulls off her smock, and lays under her head. (bed,  
You're welcome, &c.

Soon as the bride was laid on her back,  
She prays to St. Patrick for a pipe of tobac'.  
You're welcome, &c.

Then let's put up our garrans, and give them some hay,  
And dance with the lasses until it be day.  
You're welcome, &c.



To its own Tune.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,  
Which men are forbidden to see,  
He tun'd up his lyre, as old history tell,  
To set his Eurydice free.

B

All



All hell was astonish'd, a person so wise  
 Should rashly endanger his life,  
 And venture so far ; how vast their surprise,  
 When they heard that he came for his wife.

To find out a punishment due to the crime,  
 Old Pluto had puzzled his brain,  
 But hell had no torture was fit for the crime,  
 So they gave him his wife back again.  
 Pity succeeding, soon vanquish'd his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 He took her again in return of his art ;  
 Such merit had music in hell.

\*\*\*\*\*

To its own Tune.

**F**AREWEL, my dearest dear, now must I leave you,  
 Unto the salt seas I'm obliged for to go,  
 The thought of this thing does instantly grieve me,  
 My heart it is vexed with sorrow and woe.  
 But since that 'tis so, aboard I must go,  
 No longer can I stay, I will lament and cry,  
 Since fortune from my true love will force me away.

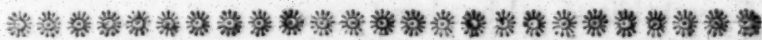
I pray thee, my dearest, talk not of your going,  
 The winds are uncertain, and seas bear no last ;  
 If a storm should arise, it may prove your ruin ;  
 Such hazards as these are hard to express.  
 For when you're aboard, your lodging is hard ;  
 On the roaring seas there is no place of ease,  
 True lovers enjoyment is hard to be found.

Oh, my dear jewel, fate cannot prevent it,  
 For I, by my calling, am oblig'd to the main ;  
 Then seem not concerned, but rest you contented,  
 Kind Fortune will send me to thee safe again.

Then

Then cease for to mourn, for at my return  
From off the salt main, love cease to complain,  
And we shall be married when I come again.

Oh ! how can I hear this cruel relation ?  
The thought of this thing does cause me to weep ;  
To think upon marriage, it is a vexation,  
To think he is going whom my heart does keep ;  
Yet still unto you I'll prove loyal and true,  
While life does remain, all men I'll refrain,  
Constancy to my true love I'll ever maintain.



To its own Tune.

**T**O you that lives at home at ease,  
And revels in delight,  
We mariners that cross the seas,  
Befriended by a gentle breeze,  
To you we do indite.

Let all your perturbations cease,  
Your private feuds allay ;  
Let ev'ry animosity  
For ever in oblivion lie ;  
Now we are gone to sea.

When forked lightning flies amain,  
And thunder splits our masts,  
Think then what danger we sustain,  
Compell'd by you to cross the main,  
For human frailties past.

I hope to see my love once more,  
Tho' I am going to sea ;  
I hope to see my love once more,  
Tho' I my voyage pursue ;

Tho' billows roll, and cannons roar,  
And waft me from Britannia's shore,  
I hope she will prove true.



*Tune, To danton me.*

**A**LAS ! when charming Silvia's gone,  
I sigh, and think myself undone ;  
But when the lovely nymph appears  
I'm pleas'd, yet griev'd, and hope, yet fears ;  
Thoughtless of all but her I rove :  
O ! tell me, is not this to love ?

Ah me ! what pow'r can move me so ?  
I die with grief when she must go ;  
But I revive at her return,  
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn ;  
Transport so sweet, so strange, so new ;  
Say, can this be to friendship due.

Ah now ! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain ;  
I fear, yet hug the pleasing pain :  
For whoe'er saw bright Silvia's eyes,  
But long'd, and wish'd, and was her prize.  
Gods, if the truest may be blest,  
O let her be by me possess'd.



*To its own Tune.*

**W**ELCOME, welcome Damon, to my breast,  
Here may all our suff'rings cease ;  
No rude cares our joys molest,  
Crown with beauty, love and peace.

Here



Here in my circling arms securely stay,  
Whilst ages swiftly fly away.



To its own Tune.

**A**LL you brave sailors, who have courage stout and  
bold,  
Come venture with me, I will cloath you in gold:  
Repair unto Corunna, a ship there you'll find,  
The Fancy she's called, she'll pleasure your mind.

She's modell'd like wax, she sails like the wind,  
She's handsomely fitted, and curiously trimm'd;  
She has all things convenient, fit for her design;  
God prosper the Fancy, she is bound for the main.

Captain Ivory is in her, he calls her his own,  
He'll bux her about, boys, before he has done,  
French, Spaniard and Portuguese, Heathen likewise,  
He's made a war with them till the day that he dies.

His commission is large, he made it himself,  
His capstone will stretch it more larger by half;  
'Twas dated in Corunna, believe me, my friend,  
In the year ninety nine, boys, unto the world's end.

Good quarters I'll give, but no nation I'll spare,  
I'll honour St. George, boys, his colours I'll wear;  
But he that refuses, shall suddenly spy  
Strange colours aboard of my Fancy to fly.

Adieu to Catwater, Cat-town then be d—d,  
I was once most owner of all that land;  
But since that 'tis from me, resolved am I  
The sword shall maintain me till the day that I die.

To its own Tune.

I'VE seen the smiling  
Of fortune beguiling,  
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;  
I've seen, &c.

Sweet was its blessing,  
Kind its caressing,  
But now 'tis fled, — fled far away.  
Sweet was, &c.

I've seen the forest  
Adorned the foremost  
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;  
Sae bonny was their blooming,  
Their scent the air perfuming ;  
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning  
With gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempest storming before the middle day.  
I've seen, &c.

I've seen Tweed's silver streams  
Shining in the sunny beams ;  
Grow drubblly and dark as he row'd on his way.  
I've seen, &c.

O fickle fortune !  
Why this cruel sporting ?  
O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?  
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,  
Nae mair your frowns can fear me,  
For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



To its own Tune.

DEAR pretty maid, don't fly me so,  
But once more turn this way ;  
Don't fly me so, turn once more,  
Pretty maid, turn this way.

II.

In tender amours we'll pass away time  
With innocent sport and joy ;  
We'll sweetly love, and our time  
happily thus employ.

III.

Remember, my dearest, beauty will soon decay ;  
Think, O my dear ! time goes on ;  
Beauty will soon decay.



On the Highlanders.

**I**N the garb of old Gaul, and fire of old Rome,  
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,  
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,  
But our ancestors fought; and they fought not in vain.

C H O R U S.

Such our love of liberty, our country and our cause,  
Like our ancestors of old, we'll stand by freedom's laws ;  
We'll boldly fight like heroes bright, for honour and  
applause,  
And defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews embrace,  
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;  
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,  
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,  
Are swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,  
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,  
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

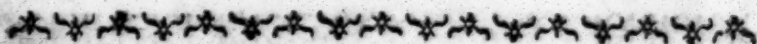
As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,  
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes ;

We



We fons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,  
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.  
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,  
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;  
But when our claymores they saw us produce,  
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.  
Such our love, &c.



The Black Maid, and White Boy.

S H E.

**M**Y lovely boy, why flies thou me ?  
Who languishes and dies for thee ;  
For tho' I'm black, so is the night,  
Yet in dark shades does love delight :  
The world, if you'll but close your eye,  
Will all appear as black as I.

H E.

Black maid, complain not that I fly,  
Since fate commands antipathy ;  
How horrid would that union prove,  
Should night and day together move ;  
And the conjunction of our lips  
Not kisses make, but an eclipse.

S H E.

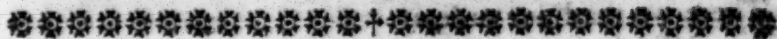
Have you not seen what a dark shade  
Is by the fairest bodies made :  
Mine follows you where'er you go ;  
Ah ! who on earth would not do so ?  
I wish that I were still so nigh,  
That you might have no shade but I.

H E.

And since my shadow you would be,  
Enjoy that dearest wish, but see

You

You take my shadow's proper tie,  
 And fly away when I come nigh ;  
 And when that death shall set me free,  
 I will bequeath that shade to thee.



A sea Song.

**I**T fell into October, the twenty second day,  
 We set sail in the Mermaid, but the Lord knows  
 where ;

But when we came to Iriff, our captain came on board,  
 There we read our orders, which was for Yarmouth roads.

And when we came to Yarmouth roads,

For convoy we were sent,

To convoy all the colliers ;

Which was our hearts content.

And when we came to Tinmouth bar,

The colliers they went in,

There we sent our boats on board,

And press'd away their men.

Then we weigh'd from Tinmouth bar,

And came to Scarb'rough Week,

There we came to an anchor,

Our Christmas for to keep.

The captain sent the boat on shore

Young maidens to beguile ;

Before the boat came on board again,

Five got fifteen with child.

There we weigh'd from Scarb'rough Week,

And came to Burlington bay,

There we rode, our top-sails loose,

All ready for to weigh,

By reason of the packet boat,

Coming in the morning soon,

Which

Which bid us make what haste we could  
To anchor in the Downs.

When we came to the Downs, brave boys,  
On board our admiral went,  
There we read our orders,  
Which was our hearts content.  
Our orders was for Portsmouth,  
Our frigate to make clean;  
There to be all paid off,  
And to the seas again.

There's fifteen in Scarborough Week,  
and five and forty more  
We left with child at Portsmouth,  
Which maketh just threescore.  
When those children do grow up,  
And come to be lusty boys,  
And sail in ships as we have done,  
They'll make a roaring noise.



To the Tune of *The yellow hair'd Ladie*.

**T**HO' fate has controul'd me, and laid me aside,  
I'll keep up my courage, to this I'll abide;  
Tho' dis'pointments have befall'n me, I never will fly,  
For contented I live, and contented I'll die.

The frowns of misfortune few men can withstand,  
Yet ships that are broken sometimes come to land;  
Then I'll keep up my spirits, no longer repine,  
What's his fate to-day, may to-morrow be mine.

Then join all my friends, reflect upon none,  
For what's to-day past, cannot be undone;  
Who knows but kind fortune, who still hovers by,  
May ease all my cares, and triumphantly fly.

To



## To its own Tune.

AS I went rambling thro' the streets,  
 The brewers dose my brains does bite,  
 My head grows heavy, and heels grow light,  
 And likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

My hat and my wig stands all on one side,  
 My stockings are down, and shoes are unty'd,  
 My feet go from me, and down I slide,  
 And this likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

As I came past yon cobbler's stall,  
 The stones and my nose a-fighting did fall,  
 We kils'd and made friends, and that was all,  
 And this likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

The constable he hears me curse and damn,  
 He bids me to stand if I was a man;  
 I told him he bid me do more than I can,  
 And this likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

My landlady she bids me pay my score,  
 She calls me drunk, I call her whore;  
 Then I kick my landlady out of the door,  
 And this likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

My landlady's cellar shall be my bed,  
 And on a butt I shall lay my head;  
 The world goes round, and the Devil is dead,  
 And this likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

And when I go home, my wife she does scold,  
 The more she does scold, I bid her to hold;  
 Then I say, and be damn'd, I will not be controul'd,  
 And this likes my humour well, brave boys, &c.

To the tune of *The hounds are all out*, &c.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,  
For what can this world more afford,  
Than a girl that will socially sit on your knee,  
And a cellar that's socially stor'd, my brave boys, &c.

My vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,  
Spoil that cask, ay that wine we will try;  
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,  
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye, my brave  
boys, &c.

In a piece of slit hoop I my candle have stuck,  
'Twill light us each bottle to hand,  
The foot of my glass for that purpose I've broke,  
I hate that a bumper should stand, my brave boys, &c.

Astride on a butt, for a butt should be strode,  
I sit my companions among,  
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,  
And a sentiment give, or a song, my brave boys, &c.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oosing drop seems  
The moist walls with wet pearls t'emboss,  
The arch-moulding cobwebs in Gothic taste stream,  
Like stucco that's cut out in moss, my brave boys, &c.

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers my flasks,  
All gloriously rang'd in review,  
When I cast my eyes round, I consider each cask,  
As a nation I've got to subdue, my brave boys, &c.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, these bings are well stor'd,  
View that heap of Piermont in the rear;  
Yon bottles are Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,  
Like artillery, tire over tire, my brave boys, &c.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,  
 No *hic jacet* engrav'd on my stone,  
 But pour o'er my coffin a bottle of red,  
 And write that his drinking is done, my brave boys, &c.



To its own Tune.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,  
 Betfy is my charming bride ;  
 Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,  
 Revel all without controul :  
 Who so fair as lovely Bett,  
 Who so blest as Colinet,  
 Who so blest as Colinet.

Now adieu to maiden arts,  
 Angling from unguarded hearts :  
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,  
 Lipping, wanton girls and boys,  
 Girls as fair as lovely Bett,  
 Boys as sweet as Colinet, &c.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,  
 Now my plenteous barn adorn :  
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs  
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs,  
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,  
 Are the charms of lovely Bett, &c.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen,  
 Dress'd like any May-day queen ;  
 Tho' six sweet-hearts daily strove,  
 To deserve thy Betfy's love,  
 Them I quit, without regret,  
 All my joy's in Colinet, &c.

C

Strike



Strike up up then the rustic lay,  
Crown with sports our bridal day;  
May each lad a mistress find,  
Like my Betsy fair and kind;  
And each lass a husband get,  
Fond and true as Colinet, &c.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,  
Revel all without controul;  
May the sun ne'er rise or set,  
But with joy to happy Bett,  
And her faithful Colinet, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

To its own Tune.

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,  
For sweeter no girl ever gave,  
But why, in the midst of my blisses,  
Do you ask me how many I'd have?  
I'm not to be stented in pleasures,  
Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind,  
For since I love thee beyond measure,  
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,  
Count the flow'rs that enamble the field;  
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,  
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:  
Count how many stars are in heaven,  
Go number the sand on the shore;  
And when so many kisses are given,  
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of joy let me hold thee,  
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;  
In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,  
And circle thee round like a vine.

What

What joy can be greater than this is,  
 My life on thy lips shall be spent ;  
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,  
 Will always with few be content.



To its own Tune.

W HERE's my swain so blyth and clever,  
 Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow ;  
 Three whole days are gone for ever,  
 Since you said you'd come to-morrow.  
 If you lov'd but half as I do,  
 You'd be here with looks so bonny ;  
 Love has flying wings I well know,  
 Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny,  
 Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he be now a-doing ?  
 Is he with the lasses Maying ?  
 He had better here been wooing,  
 Than with others fondly playing.  
 Tell me truly where he's roving,  
 That I may no longer sorrow ;  
 If he's weary grown of loving,  
 Let him tell me so to-morrow, &c.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,  
 Let her be the happy creature ;  
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,  
 Nor dispute with her a feature.  
 But I can't, nor will not tarry,  
 Nor will kill myself with sorrow ;  
 I may lose the time to marry,  
 If I wait beyond to-morrow, &c.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,  
 If I'm your's, away no longer ;

If you won't, another'll have me,  
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.  
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,  
 Whine not in despair and sorrow;  
 Blest another lad may make me,]  
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow, &c.



To its own Tune.

**A** SWAIN of love despairing,  
 Thus wail'd his cruel fate;  
 His grief the shepherds sharing,  
 In circles round him sat:  
 The nymphs in kind compassion,  
 The luckless lover mourn'd;  
 All who had heard the passion,  
 A sigh for sigh return'd.

O friends! your 'plaints give over,  
 Your kind concern forbear:  
 Should Chloe but discover,  
 For me you'd shed a tear;  
 Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,  
 Your friendship soon subdue;  
 Too late you'd ask forgiv'ness,  
 And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,  
 Resistance is in vain,  
 Spight of yourself you'd love her,  
 And hug the galling chain.  
 Her wit the flame increases,  
 And rivets fast the dart;  
 She has ten thousand graces,  
 And each could gain a heart.

But,





We'll rummage all we fancy,  
 We'll bring them in by scores;  
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy  
 Shall roll in Louis d'ors.

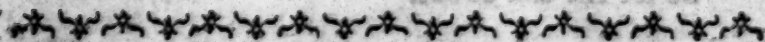
While here at Deal we're lying,  
 With our noble Commodore,  
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,  
 And then to sea for more.  
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,  
 In war we'll never fly:  
 Here's a health to George, our king, boys,  
 And the royal Family.



A hunting song. To its own Tune.

**W**HEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,  
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn;  
 When the antling stag is rouz'd with the sound,  
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
 And thinks he has left them behind on the plain;  
 But still we pursue,  
 And now come in view  
 Of the glorious game.

O! see how again he rears up his head,  
 And, winged with fear, he redoubles his speed;  
 But ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies,  
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries;  
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,  
 And he pants, pants, pants, pants, pants,  
 'Till with well scented hounds surrounded he dies,  
 Dies, dies, dies, tantaron, tantaron, he dies, he dies.



To its own Tune.

**H**OW can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly slight  
 A swain who is wretched when banish'd your sight;  
 Who





We soon stopt their game,  
 We tipt them the same,  
 And boldly, be gar, march'd on shore.

Morblieu, says le Croix,  
 And made a damn'd noise,  
 Beleisle he would keep, or would die ::  
 But we valued not that,  
 So to t we went pat,  
 Determin'd his courage to try.

Then plump at Palais  
 We made an assay,  
 With bombs, thick as hail, from us flow'n,  
 Od's wounds, poor Monsieur,  
 How he quaked for fear,  
 When he heard we d taken the town.

Then forward we went,  
 Brave Hodgson full bent,  
 A conquest complete for to make ;  
 We all swore with spirit,  
 Beleisle we d inherit,  
 And Monsieur should find his mistake.

Our cannons did roar,  
 Which shook Gallia's shore,  
 And the Frenchmen soon alter'd their tone :  
 Me ll surrender, says he,  
 In time, or may be,  
 Be gar, dey may break a' my bone.

Then streightway they came,  
 With trumpet and drum,  
 Their terms unto us to make known ;  
 But we swore we d have it,  
 Or never would leave it,  
 And Beleisle was quickly our own.

Then

Then come, let us sing,  
 God save George, our king,  
 And join hand and heart all in one.  
 Push the glass brilk and round,  
 In joys let's abound,  
 For Beleisle and all is 'our own.



**D**ID ever swain a nymph adore  
 As I ungrateful Nanny do?  
 Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?  
 Or ever broken heart so true?  
 My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
 Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,  
 Or linger when she bid me run?  
 She only had the word to say,  
 And all the wish'd was quickly done.  
 I always think on her, but she  
 Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
 Have not I rose by break of day?  
 Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,  
 If Robin in his yard had hay?  
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

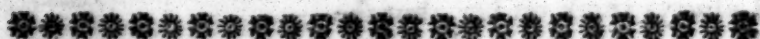
If ever Nanny lost a sheep,  
 I chearfully did give her two;  
 And I her lambs did safely keep  
 Within my folds in frost and snow;  
 Have they not there from cold been free?  
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

When

When Nanny to the well did come,  
 'Twas I that did her pitcher fill,  
 Full as they were, I brought them home :  
 Her corn I carry'd to the mill ;  
 My back did bear the sack, but she  
 Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,  
 I'm sure they always had the best ;  
 Within this week her pigeons have  
 Eat up a peck of pease at least :  
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she  
 Will never bear a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
 And Nanny still on Robin frown ?  
 Alas ! poor wretch, what shall I do ?  
 If Nanny does not love me soon.  
 If no relief to me she'll bring,  
 I'll hang me in her apron string.



**N**O longer let whimsical songsters compare  
 The merits of wine with the charms of the fair ;  
 I appeal to the men, to determine between  
 A tun bellied Bacchus, and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,  
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine ;  
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,  
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,  
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire,  
 But the charms of her temper, and mind, I adore :  
 These virtues will bless me, when beauty's no more.

How



How happy our days, when with love we engage,  
 'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;  
 But what are the joys of the bottle and bowl?  
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,  
 The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I:  
 From this fair confession 'tis plain, my good friend,  
 You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,  
 But how foolish you look, when your bottle is dry?  
 From woman, dear woman! sweet pleasure must spring;  
 Nay, the Stoics must own it, she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford,  
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord;  
 But woman for ever gives transports to man,  
 And I'll love the dear sex ay as long as I can.



AS thro' the gay green wood I happened to pass,  
 A gypsie sat under a shade,  
 Who told me, she saw by the lines of my face,  
 My doom was, to die an old maid.

Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and dismay,  
 And pierc'd my poor heart to the quick,  
 Because I had oft heard my grand-mother say  
 That gypsies convers'd with old nick.

For serious advice, to the curate I went,  
 And told him the cause of my fright:  
 Said he, pretty maid, for a while be content,  
 And I'll alter the case before night.

O then

O then he began with such force and such fire,  
 With arguments so very strong,  
 Believe me, ye maidens, the devil's a liar;  
 And so there's an end to my song.



YE belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,  
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,  
 Pr'ythee tell me from whence this indecency springs,  
 The sexes at once to confound?  
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,  
 With each motion design'd to perplex?  
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,  
 And softness the test of your sex, dear girl, &c.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,  
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;  
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,  
 Are samples she gives of her trade.  
 But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,  
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,  
 Should slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,  
 Not with open and insolent air.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,  
 Shrinks modestly back from the view;  
 And kindly should seem, by the artist design'd,  
 To serve as a model for you.  
 Then learn with her beauties, to copy her air,  
 Not venture too much to reveal:  
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
 And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,  
 Are charms which no art can procure;  
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,  
 And your empire is solid and sure:

And

And if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,  
And put us in fear of our lives,  
You may do very well for sisters and aunts,  
But believe me, you'll never be wives.



To the tune of, *Old Sir Symon the King.*

**T**HE sailor that crosses the depth,  
And thinks to get money thereby,  
Must keep up his senses from falling asleep ;  
Both Cupid and Venus defy ;  
Nor let lewd women prevail,  
Nor black gowns upon you attend ;  
For when you are married, your courage will fail,  
And your galloping all at an end.

And if that your wife proves with child,  
The neighbours will make this reply,  
Pray, is it a girl or a boy ?  
Then you must forget to be wild,  
But lay up more money in store,  
Your midwives and gossips attend ;  
For when you are married, your courage grows cold,  
And your galloping's all at an end.

But we that are single and free,  
Thus we can merrily sing,  
We'll spend three shillings to one,  
And drink a good health to the king :  
For we have no wives that will scold,  
But will both borrow and lend.  
Then we will live bachelors till we are old,  
And our galloping never shall end.



**T**WAS in the bloom of May,  
 When odours breathe around,  
 When nymphs are blyth and gay,  
 And all with mirth abound,  
 That happily I stray'd  
 To view my fleecy care,  
 Where I beheld a maid,  
 No mortal e'er so fair.

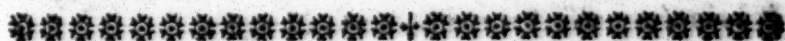
She wore upon her head  
 A bonnet made of straw,  
 Which such a face did shade  
 As Phœbus never saw ;  
 Her locks of nut brown hue,  
 A round ear'd coif conceal'd,  
 Which to my pleasing view  
 A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist,  
 A scrip embroidered hung ;  
 The lute her finger's grac'd,  
 Accompany'd with a song :  
 With such a pleasing note,  
 Cuzzoni might regale,  
 Or Philomela's throat  
 That warbles thro' the vale.

Not long I stood to view,  
 Struck with her heav'nly air,  
 I to the charmer flew,  
 And caught the yielding fair.  
 Hear this, ye scornful belles,  
 And milder ways pursue ;  
 She that in charms excells,  
 Excels in kindness too.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts,  
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;  
 But the nymph disdains to pine  
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine, &c.  
 Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd ;  
 If I'm scorn'd because enjoy'd,  
 Sure the squeamish fops are free,  
 To rid me of dull company.  
 Sure they're free, &c.

They have their charms while mine can please.  
 I love them much, but more my ease.  
 Jealous fears me ne'er molest,  
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.  
 Why, why, why should they e'er give me pain,  
 Who to give me joy disdain.  
 All I ask of mortal man,  
 Is but to love me while he can.  
 All I ask, &c.



To the Tune of *The Miller of Mansfield.*

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,  
 That I quit my poor Chloe and stick to my  
 glass ;  
 But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,  
 And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,  
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;  
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
 That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own,  
 But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown :  
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine.

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,  
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time,  
But in wine from its age such benefit flows,  
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,  
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;  
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,  
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders and battles, and history prove,  
The mischiefs that wait on rivals in love ;  
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends,  
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,  
With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife ;  
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
And a big belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,  
It brings on diseases and hastens old age ;  
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,  
And keep out t' other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,  
She had left me to get an estate or a lord ;  
But my bumper regarding nor title nor pelf,  
Will stand by me while I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,  
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain.  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy,  
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

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**Y**OUNG Colin, the blitheft upon the gay green,  
The arrows of Cupid defy'd.  
A shepherd so happy sure never was seen,  
He conquer'd each nymph he had try'd.



Poor Silvia, poor Daphne, poor Chloe in vain,  
 In hopes to be wedded had tarry'd ;  
 He kil's'd them, and press'd them, but this was his strain,  
 I'd rather be hang'd than be marry'd.  
 I'd rather, &c.

How weak his resolves when fair Delia he saw,  
 She warm'd the cold heart in his breast,  
 He look'd, and he lov'd, and approach'd her with awe,  
 And softly his wishes exprest.  
 Bright virtue adorn'd her, he found in the maid  
 A charm he before ne'er had parry'd ;  
 He sigh'd, and he trembled, and cry'd, I'm afraid,  
 'Tis worse to be hang'd than be marry'd.  
 'Tis worse, &c.

Ah pity, sweet goddess, the convert you've made,  
 To Hymen our vows let us pay :  
 No, live an example, the shepherdes said,  
 And teach all your sex to obey.  
 The youths and the lasses thus jeer the poor swain,  
 Now where's the proud heart that you carry'd ?  
 And sighing he utters, alone on the plain,  
 Ye powers, Oh ! let me be marry'd.  
 Ye powers, &c.



WHEN first I saw the graceful move,  
 What meant my throbbing breast ;  
 Say, soft Confusion, art thou love ?  
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,  
 Those gentle smiles did first create ;  
 And tho' you cannot love again,  
 In pity, ah ! forbear to hate.

**H**AIL England, Old England for glory renown'd ;  
 In arms, as in arts, transcendently crown'd ;  
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break ;  
 'Tis thine to revenge, when honour's at stake ;  
 Then now rise ye brave, draw the sword, point the lance,  
 And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.  
 Huzza, huzza, huzza, brave Britons to conquest pursue,  
 The trumpet of victory's uplifted for you.

Hark, truth speaks, already our heroes prevail,  
 The rouz'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale.  
 Thy cunning, O France ! its own fate will decree ;  
 Success dawns on us both by land and by sea :  
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,  
 To force that submission that pride would deny.  
 Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see ;  
 My sons fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me ;  
 Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore,  
 You'll conquer them now whom you've conquer'd  
 before :  
 And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,  
 The ocean is George's, and George is our king.  
 Huzza, &c.



**H**ARK ! the sound of the drum,  
 How it beats, come, come, come,  
 Each Briton, to deeds that are glorious ;  
 The pale Frenchmen shall fly,  
 While our flag streams on high ;  
 For we Britons are always victorious.

While our fam'd British bands,  
 Noble Granby commands,  
 On the banks of the Rhine or the Weser ;  
 With her laurels on high,  
 Vict'ry drops from the sky,  
 And she crowns his bald head like a Cæsar.

Of old chiefs no more talk,  
For great Pocock and Hawke  
Have eclips'd all their deeds and their wonders :  
In each climate and sea,  
The whole world must obey,  
And submit to our navy's loud thunder..

What brave Wolfe has begun,  
Gallant Amherst has done,  
And subdued the whole empire in glory ;  
While the kings of the East,  
By brave Clive are suppress'd,  
Like a hero and rival in story.

Now, to humble proud France,  
We bold seamen advance,  
Heart and hand thus unite we so clever :  
Then, my lads, never fear,  
For king George gives a cheer,  
George the third and his navy for ever..



**P**USH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,  
While thus we sit round on the grass ;  
The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass.  
Deserves, &c.

The wretch who sits watching his ill gotten pelf,  
And wishes to add to the mass,  
Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.  
Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well powder'd hair,  
An angel beholds in the glass ;  
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
May justly be reckon'd an ass.  
May, &c.

The



The merchant from climate to climate may roam,  
 Rich Croesus's wealth to surpass;  
 And oft does his wandering lady at home,  
 Clap the horns of an ox on an ass.

Clap, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts up his plea,  
 With forehead well cover'd with brass,  
 Tho' he talk to no purpose, he pockets your fee,  
 There you, my good friend, are the ass.

There, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill;  
 Shall last be produc'd in the class;  
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,  
 But death proves the doctor an ass.

But, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and free,  
 By turns take our bottle and lass;  
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Deserves, &c.

\*\*\*\*\*

**N**O nymph that trips the verdant plain,  
 With Sally can compare;  
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,  
 And rivals all the fair:  
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,  
 While summer seasons roll;  
 But Sally's smiles can all the year  
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray  
 Illumes the world below,  
 Her presence bids the god of day  
 With emulation glow;

Fresh

Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,  
Birds sweeter notes prepare ;  
The playful lambkins skip around,  
And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,  
To bid the maid rejoice ;  
And mimicks, when he swells his note,  
The sweetness of her voice :  
The fanning Zephyrs round her play,  
While Flora sheds perfume ;  
And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,  
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,  
From morn to eve their tale ;  
Her beauty and unspotted fame,  
Make vocal ev'ry vale :  
The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,  
Her echo'd name conveys,  
And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,  
Is turn'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blythsome lass and swain,  
To mirthful wake resort ;  
Nor ev'ry May morn, on the plain,  
Advance in rural sport :  
No more shall gush the purling rill,  
Nor musick wake the grove ;  
Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,  
When I forget to love.

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To the Tune of *Let Ambition fire thy Mind.*

**H**OPE ! thou nurse of young desire,  
Fairy promiser of joy ;  
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,  
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope !

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,  
Softest soother of the mind ;  
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,  
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still,  
Deal out pleasures unpossess ;  
With thy dreams my fancy fill,  
And in wishes make me blest.



To the Tune of *Fair Katty beautiful and young.*

**M**Y heart's my own, my will is free,  
And so shall be my voice ;  
No mortal man shall wed with me,  
Till first he's made my choice.

Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,  
And children still obey ;  
And is there then no saving clause,  
Against tyrannic sway ?



To the Tune of *Gently stir and blow the fire.*

**G**ENTLE youth, ah, tell me why  
Still you force me thus to fly ;  
Cease, oh ! cease, to persevere,  
Speak not what I must not hear,  
To my heart its ease restore,  
Go and never see me more.

Still



To its own Tune.

**S**TILL in hopes to get the better  
Of my stubborn flame I try,  
Swear this moment to forget her,  
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,  
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;  
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,  
And confess myself a slave.



To its own Tune.

**T**HERE was a jolly miller once,  
Liv'd on the river Dee ;  
He work'd, and sung, from morn till night,  
No lark more blyth than he :  
And this the burthen of his song,  
For ever us'd to be,  
I care for nobody, no, not I,  
If no one cares for me.



To its own Tune.

**L**ET gay ones and great  
Make the most of their fate,  
From pleasure to pleasure they run :  
Well, who cares a jot,  
I envy them not,  
While I have my dog and my gun.

For

For exercise, air,  
 To the fields I repair,  
 With spirits unclouded and light.  
 The blisses I find,  
 No stings leave behind,  
 But health and diversion unite.

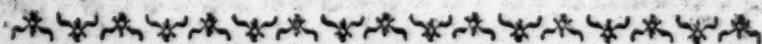


To the Tune of *Bonny Broom.*

**H**OW happy were my days, till now  
 I ne'er did sorrow feel;  
 I rose with joy to milk my cow,  
 Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,  
 Like any bird I sung,  
 Till he pretended love, and I  
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the silly, silly fool,  
 Who trusts what man may be;  
 I wish I was a maid again,  
 And in my own country.



To the Tune of *Geminiani's Minuet.*

**I**F ever a fond inclination,  
 Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest;  
 Reflect with a little compassion,  
 On the soft pangs, which prevail'd in my breast.  
 Oh where, where would you fly me,  
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed;  
 Think when my lover was by me,  
 Would I, how cou'd I, refuse his request?

Kneeling

Kneeling before you, let me implore you;  
 Look on me sighing, crying, dying;  
 Ah! is there no language can move?  
 If I have been too complying!  
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.



To the Tune of *Lethe*.

**Y**E vot'ries of Venus and Bacchus attend,  
 Who drink, and who rake, and who whore with-  
 out end,  
 Who trifle away both your health and your time,  
 Who fear from your follies to die in your prime,  
 Obey the glad summons, to Bagnigge repair,  
 Drink deep of its streams, and forget all your care.

Ye gouty old souls, and rheumatics crawl on,  
 Here taste these blest springs, and your tortures are gone;  
 Ye wretches asthmatic, who pant for your breath,  
 Come drink your relief, and think not of death.  
 Obey the glad summons, to Bagnigge repair,  
 Drink deep of its streams, and forget all your care.

The distemper'd shall drink, and forget all his pain,  
 When his blood flows more briskly thro' every vein;  
 The head-ach shall vanish, the heart-ach shall cease,  
 And your lives be enjoy'd in more pleasure and peace.  
 Obey then the summons, to Bagnigge repair,  
 And drink an oblivion to pain and to care.



To its own Tune.

**S**MILE, smile, Britannia smile,  
 Thy genius comes again  
 E

To



To guard the fruitful isle,  
 And thunder o'er the main.  
 Thy gallant sons disdain their ease,  
 Now crown the mistress of the seas,  
 Now crown the mistress of the seas.

While dauntless they advance,  
 And bid the cannons roar,  
 They'll scourge the pride of France,  
 And shake th'imperial shore ;  
 Deriding trumpets o'er the waves,  
 With courage never known to slaves, &c.

The deck all stain'd with blood,  
 The bullets wing'd with fate ;  
 The wide and restless flood  
 Cannot the rage abate.  
 In Anson and in Warren, wake  
 The souls of Ruffel and of Blake, &c.

Britons, pursue the blow,  
 Like sons of freedom fight ;  
 Convince the haughty foe,  
 That you'll maintain your right ;  
 Defiance bid to France and Spain,  
 Assert your empire o'er the main, &c.



**S**INCE that the fairer sex are taught  
 The way to keep their man,  
 How to be just in ev'ry thought,  
 And know all that they can :  
 The maxim I commend to you,  
 Ye British youth the task pursue,  
 Ye British youth the task pursue,  
 And learn the way to keep her.

Soon

Soon as the down begins to spread  
 Upon the youthful chin,  
 Than ev'ry boyish joy is fled,  
 The lover does begin.  
 Nature's soft motion is inclin'd,  
 He feels th'impulse, and hopes to find,  
 He feels th'impulse, and hopes to find  
 The surest way to keep her.

The rake, whose greatest merit is,  
 To cheat the fair with lies,  
 Who thinks none will deny the bliss  
 The girls of sense despise :  
 For once, ye libertines, then try  
 The force of manly modesty,  
 The force of manly modesty,  
 And that's the way to keep her.

In gaming ne'er consume away  
 The chief support of life,  
 Then to restore you to be gay,  
 For money, take a wife  
 With honesty, that guide to peace,  
 Conjugal blessing will increase,  
 Conjugal blessing will increase,  
 And that's the way to keep her.

Nor is't the money'd man alone  
 Buys peace with all his store,  
 When once the golden charms are flown,  
 Perhaps he charms no more.  
 Riches in vain affection bind ;  
 For O, (once tried) too late you'll find,  
 For O, (once tried) too late you'll find  
 'Tis not the way to keep her.

But when the Gordian knot is tied,  
 And Hymen crowns the end,  
 Search not for joys that are denied,  
 Nor by your vows ordain'd :

Be all your actions just and kind,  
 You make her ever to your mind,  
 You make her ever to your mind,  
 And that's the way to keep her.



THE sun was sleeping in the main,  
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,  
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,  
 And sought the lass he lov'd the best ;  
 As tow'rd her cote he jogg'd along,  
 Her name was frequent in his song ;  
 But when his errand Dolly knew,  
 She vow'd, she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more  
 Than any maid he'd seen before ;  
 In tender sighs protesting, he  
 Would constant as the turtle be ;  
 Talk'd much of death, should she refuse,  
 And us'd such arts as lovers use ;  
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,  
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,  
 Forgive me Doll, I did but jest ;  
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove ;  
 But trust me I'll ne'er die for love.  
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,  
 Now Doll began to court in turn ;  
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too,  
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.



To the Tune of *Rough and hardy.*

WOULDST thou know what sacred charms  
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms ?

What



What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree  
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sighs sincere,  
Who melts to see the tender tear ;  
From each ungentle passion free,  
O be the maid that's made for me.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,  
Who feels the blessing she bestows ;  
Gentle to all, but kind to me ;  
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art  
Are all the natives of her heart ;  
A gentle train from falshood free ;  
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ye light coquettes, retire  
Where fluttering fops are found ;  
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,  
More genuine beauties are for me.



**T**HE morning cloud was ting'd with gold,  
When Colin went to view his fold ;  
And as he whistled o'er the plain,  
Young Dolly met the perjur'd swain :  
Anger and love were in her eye,  
Her tender breast heav'd with a sigh ;  
But when her grief she came to show,  
He cry'd, I cannot hear thee now,  
I cannot hear thee now.

In moving words she told a tale,  
That might o'er any heart prevail,

Ask'd why he had forsook his cote,  
 And was poor Dolly quite forgot ;  
 If so (tears trembling in her eye),  
 She said, she'd sit her down and die.  
 Do so, says Colin, and I vow  
 My dear, I cannot hear thee now,  
 I cannot, &c.

Resentment kindling o'er her cheek,  
 Says she, another love I'll seek ;  
 Damon will prize these slighted charms,  
 And kindly take them to his arms.  
 The swain, whom honour could not move,  
 By jealousy was wak'd to love ;  
 Says he, forgive, see yonder mow,  
 Step there, I'll stay to hear thee now.  
 I'll stay, &c.



**J**OVE, when he saw my Fanny's face,  
 With wond'rous passion mov'd,  
 Forgot the care of human race,  
 And felt at last he lov'd.  
 Then to the god of soft desire  
 His suit he thus address'd ;  
 I Fanny love with mutual fire,  
 O touch her tender breast.

Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cry'd,  
 I lov'd the maid before :  
 What, rival me, the power reply'd,  
 Whom gods and men adore.  
 He grasp'd the bolt, he shook the springs  
 Of his imperial throne,  
 While Cupid wav'd his rosy wings,  
 And in a breath was gone.

O'er earth and seas the god-head flew,  
 But still no shelter found ;  
 For as he fled, his dangers grew,  
 And lightning flash'd around.  
 At last his trembling fear impells  
 His flight to Fanny's eyes,  
 Where happy, safe, and pleas'd he dwells,  
 Nor minds his native skies.



To the Tune of *The spinning wheel.*

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,  
 Blyth Jocky to young Jenny came ;  
 But tho' she lik'd him passing well,  
 She, careless, turn'd her spinning wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd her fingers long and small,  
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,  
 But still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

Then round about her slender waist  
 His arms he clasp'd, and her embrac'd ;  
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel,  
 But yet she turn'd her spinning wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise,  
 He bless'd her neck, her lips and eyes,  
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal,  
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;  
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,  
 And, angry, turn'd her spinning wheel.



At last, when she began to chide,  
He swore he meant her for his bride ;  
'Twas then her love she did reveal,  
And flung away her spinning wheel.



*Tune of Fame let thy trumpets sound.*

SEE, royal Charlotte come,  
Sound trumpet, beat the drum ;  
Britons rejoice :  
While bells melodious ring,  
We'll all in chorus sing,  
God save third George, our king,  
And bless his choice.

With George we'll Charlotte join,  
From their united line  
May princes spring,  
Whose God-like acts may claim  
The sweetest voice of fame ;  
Thence each deserve the name  
Of patriot king.

O may the royal pair,  
Whilst they in glory share,  
In love increase :  
To them fill bumpers round ;  
Ye skies, their healths resound,  
And may these joys be crown'd  
With lasting peace.



To its own Tune.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,  
Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,

Of

Of beauty is blest with so ample a share,  
That men call her the lass with the delicate air,  
That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning in May as I travers'd the grove  
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,  
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,  
And really she'd got a most delicate air, &c.

By a murm'ring brook, on a green mossy bed,  
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid;  
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,  
With raptures, to gaze on her delicate air, &c.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,  
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart;  
And, from thence, how to gain the dear maid, was  
my care,  
For a captive I fell to her delicate air, &c.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I  
was rude,  
And begg'd, of all things, that I would not intrude;  
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,  
But laid all the blame on her delicate air, &c.

Said, her heart was the prize which I sought to obtain,  
And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain;  
She neither reject'd, nor granted my pray'r,  
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air, &c.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,  
But still the tormentor affects to be mute;  
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the fair,  
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air, &c.

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To the Tune of *Gilliecrankie*.

**M**<sup>Y</sup> dearest life, were you my wife,  
How happy should I be;

And

And all my care in peace and war  
Should be to pleasure thee.  
When up and down from town to town,  
We, jolly soldiers, rove,  
Then, you, my queen, in chaise marine,  
Shall move like queen of Love.

Your love I'd prize beyond the skies,  
Beyond the spoils of war,  
Would'st thou agree to follow me,  
In humble baggage car :  
For happiness, tho' in distress,  
In soldiers wives is seen ;  
And pride in coach, has more reproach,  
Than love in chaise marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,  
Nor set your heart on gain ;  
Behold the great, with all their state,  
Their lives are care and pain.  
In house, or tent, I pay no rent,  
Nor care, nor trouble see,  
And ev'ry day I get my pay,  
And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,  
Who lead ignoble lives ;  
Nor deign to smile, on men so vile,  
Who fight none but their wives.  
For Britain's right, and you we fight,  
And ev'ry ill defy ;  
Should but the fair, reward our care  
With love and constancy.

If sighs, nor groans, nor tender moans  
Can win your hard'ned heart ;  
Let love in arms, with all its charms,  
Then take a soldier's part ;

With



With fife and drum, the soldiers come,  
 And all the pomp of war;  
 Then don't think mean, of chaise marine,  
 'Tis love's triumphant car.



To its own Tune.

**A**S down the mead young Colin went,  
 A comely lad, and innocent,  
 His mind compos'd, serene his look,  
 His head supported by a crook;  
 His little dog, close at his heels,  
 He met with Doll, who weeping kneels;  
 Dear swain, said she, I wanted you,  
 Alas! I know not what to do.

The harmless youth, who on her gaz'd,  
 To see her thus, was much amaz'd;  
 At first, he could not to her speak,  
 At last he silence thus did break,  
 Say, what would'st thou, young shepherdes,  
 Is't in my power thee to redress:  
 It is, said she, go to yon brow,  
 And there I'll tell thee, Colin, how.

He with her went, said she, dear swain,  
 And tears ran trickling down amain,  
 Climbing yon stile, I tore a slit,  
 Pray, Colin, do but look at it.  
 And when the wound she open laid,  
 A gash so great made Coll afraid,  
 Like lightning, down the hill he flew,  
 Doll griev'd, 'cause he did nothing do.

But instantly with might and main,  
 He up the hill return'd again;

Half

Half out of breath, said he, my dear,  
Behold this balsam I've brought here.  
I've to a surgeon been, and he  
Calls this a sovereign remedy.  
So e'er they parted from the brow,  
He cur'd her —, you know how.



**E**'ER war was begun,  
We made Monsieur to run,  
Brave Boscawen took Lys and Alcide;  
Tho' they swore to invade,  
It was but gasconade,  
While we brought in their ships with each tide. Huzza!  
While we brought, &c.

When the war was declar'd,  
All our fleet was prepar'd,  
And bold Osborn defeated du Quesne.  
While brave Hawke aw'd the sea  
From Lagos to Torbay,  
From Charante, to the mouth of the Seine. Huzza!  
From Charante, &c.

To the Ganges' proud fleet  
Gallant Watson's fleet stood,  
And demolish'd their Chandenagore;  
When that hero expir'd,  
Soon brave Pocock was fir'd,  
And drove d'Ache from the fair Indian shore. Huzza!  
And drove, &c.

At the Niger's fam'd fall,  
Marsh reduc'd Senegal,  
At Goree Keppel gave them a check;  
Guadaloupe fell to Moore,  
And on Canada's shore,  
Wolfe and Saunders have conquer'd Quebec. Huzza!  
Wolfe and Saunders, &c.  
While

While Boscawen's stout train,  
 Won Cape Breton again,  
 And gloriously conquer'd le Clue;  
 Noble Hawke in the Bay,  
 Made proud Conflans his prey,  
 Gave the coup de grace Francois morblieu. Huzza!  
 Gave the coup, &c.

While our Heroes at sea  
 Make th' world thus obey,  
 Noble Granby by land lifts his fame;  
 At Corbac the French knew,  
 What brave Manners could do,  
 And at Minden they dreaded his name. Huzza!  
 And at Minden, &c.

By his finishing blow,  
 All their pride is laid low,  
 At Kirch Denckern new laurels he won;  
 There he shew'd proud Sobize,  
 How 'tis valour to prize  
 His victor, he's Rutland's brave son. Huzza!  
 His victor, &c.]

Then we, brave Britons, should sing  
 To our Granby and King,  
 Like the sun Granby gilds his new reign.  
 Such a king, such a chief,  
 Give all Europe relief,  
 And Old England its glory again. Huzza!  
 And Old England, &c.]

Thus around the wide world  
 England's thunder is hurl'd,  
 And we Britons in safety can smile;  
 And new glory is seen,  
 To adorn our new king,  
 Pondicherry is won, and Belleisle, Huzza!  
 Pondicherry is won, &c.

ON the white cliffs of Albion, see fame where she  
 stands,  
 And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring lands;  
 Of their natives freeborn, and their conquests she sings,  
 The happiest of men, with the greatest of kings.

George the third she proclaims, his vast glory repeats,  
 His undismayed legions, invincible fleets,  
 Whom nor castles, nor rocks can from honour retard,  
 Since e'en death, for their king, they with scorn disregard.

O but see! a cloud bursts, and an angel appears,  
 It is peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears;  
 Say, Fame, cry'd the maid, is't not time to give o'er  
 With sieges and famine, explosions and gore.

His just rights to assert, hath the king amply try'd,  
 Nor his wisdom, nor strength can opponents abide;  
 Then no longer in rage let dread thunders be hurl'd,  
 But leave him to me, and give ease to the world.

'Tis done, and Great George is to mercy inclin'd,  
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of mankind;  
 'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,  
 And our King is a Briton, deny it, Who dare?

To Hodgson and Keppel let bumpers then smile,  
 And to all our brave troops who have taken Belleisle;  
 May they meet just reward, and with courage advance,  
 Still to humble the pride and the power of France.

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to  
 the King,  
 To the Duke, and the Princess, and make the air ring;  
 May the days of Great George be happy and long,  
 And the man still be right, who yet never was wrong.



To the Tune of *Lumps of Pudding*.

ONE ev'ning good humour took wit as his guest,  
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;  
 Their liquor was Claret, and friendship their host,  
 And mirth, song and sentiment garnish'd each toast.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy'd their design,  
 For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit and wine,  
 Alarm'd, they all heard at the door a loud knock,  
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past twelve  
 o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,  
 And upstairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound;  
 When brought to the light, how much were they pleas'd,  
 To see 'twas th' grey glutton Time they had seiz'd.

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,  
 And his single locks dandling a-down his smooth scull,  
 My friends, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to knock,  
 And bid you be gone, for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Says the venom-tooth'd savage; on this advice fix,  
 Tho' nature strikes twelve, folly still points to six;  
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear it,  
 So hid him at once in a hog'shead of Claret.

This is right, call'd out wit, while you're yet in  
 your prime,  
 There's nothing like Claret for killing of Time.  
 Huzza! reply'd love, now no more can he knock,  
 Or impertinent tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Since time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,  
 By this maxim we're sure of our time when we drink;  
 With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be primed,  
 Now we're certain our drinking is always well timed.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,  
 To join the jovial routful cry;  
 What joy from cares, and plagues all day,  
 To hie to the midnight, Hark away!  
 Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,  
 Nor dromish husbands enter there;  
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,  
 All hie to midnight, Hark away!

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,  
 And drowzy watchmen idly knock;  
 Till day light peeps, we sport and play,  
 And roar to the jolly, Hark away!  
 When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,  
 And kill the tedious day with sleep;  
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,  
 And again to the midnight, Hark away!



To the Tune of *Jolly mortals*, &c.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,  
 Thus the God of love I sue,  
 Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,  
 Cupid, if you love me, do.

Of a thousand sweets bereave her,  
 Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,  
 The remainder still will leave her  
 Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion,  
 Still in ev'ry breast will move,  
 More is supererogation,  
 Mere idolatry of love.

You

You may dress a world of Chloes,  
 In the beauties she can spare;  
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is  
 To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,  
 Angry Cupid made reply;  
 Do Florella's charms displease you?  
 Die then, foolish mortal, die.



**F**LORELLA, first in charms and wit,  
 In whose enchanting, sparkling eyes,  
 All the bright soul's perfections sit,  
 And such resistless magic lies.  
 Oh! can you thus, divinely fair,  
 Suppose your Damon insincere?

To all the circles of the fair,  
 That grace the court, the ball, the play,  
 Let my love-doubting nymph repair,  
 And ev'ry shining form survey:  
 And, if she meets her equal there,  
 Conclude her Damon insincere.

Or, if my fair should chance to pass  
 (What art for beauty's use design'd)  
 The bright, unsullied, faithful glass,  
 Itself an emblem of her mind:  
 Let her behold her image there,  
 And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy bloom,  
 O'er all the lovely face confess,  
 And let her sparkling eyes assume  
 The charms that rob my soul of rest:  
 And then to bless my ravish'd ear,  
 Confess, I can't be insincere.

To its own Tune.

**F**ROM all her fair, loquacious kind,  
So diff'rent is my Rosalind,  
That not one accent can I gain,  
To crown my hopes, or ease my pain.

Ye lovers who can construe sighs,  
And are th' interpreters of eyes,  
To language all her looks translate,  
And in her gestures read my fate.

And, if in them you chance to find,  
Aught that is gentle, aught that's kind,  
Adieu! mean hopes of being great,  
And all the littleness of state.

All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,  
That from dependence take their rise;  
To serve her shall be my employ,  
And love's sweet agony enjoy.



To its own Tune.

**G**O, happy paper, gently steal,  
And underneath her pillow lie,  
There in soft dreams my love reveal,  
That love which I must still conceal,  
And, wrapt in awful silence, die.

Should flames be doom'd thy hapless fate,  
To atoms thou wouldst quickly turn;  
My pains may bear a longer date,  
For should I live, and she should hate,  
In endless torments I should burn.

Tell



Tell fair Aurelia, she has charms  
 Might in a hermit stir desire ;  
 T'attain the heaven that's in her arms,  
 I'd quit the world's alluring harms,  
 And to a cell content retire.

Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd eye,  
 Her beauty should supply the place,  
 Bold Raphael's strokes, and Titian's dye,  
 Should but in vain presume to vie  
 With her inimitable face.

No more I'd wish for Phœbus' rays,  
 To gild the object of my sight,  
 Much less the taper's fainter blaze,  
 Her eyes should measure out my days,  
 And, when she slept, it should be night.



To its own Tune.

**Y**E verdant hills, ye balmy vales,  
 Bear witness of my pains ;  
 How oft have Shina's flowry dales,  
 Been taught my am'rous strains ;  
 The wounded oaks, in yonder grove,  
 Retain the name of her I love.

In vain would age its ice bespread,  
 To numb each gay desire ;  
 Tho' seventy winters hoar my head,  
 My heart is still on fire ;  
 By mossy fount and grot I rove,  
 And gently murmur songs of love.

O sweetest

O sweetest of thy lovely race !  
 Unveil thy matchless charms ;  
 Let me adore that angel's face,  
 And die within thy arms ;  
 My ceaseless pangs thy bosom move,  
 To grant the just returns of love.



To its own Tune.

COME, Rosalind, O come and see,  
 What pleasures are in store for thee ;  
 The flowers in all their sweets appear,  
 The fields their gayest liv'ries wear,  
 The fields their gayest liv'ries wear.  
 The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,  
 Now warble out their songs of love,  
 Now warble out their songs of love ;  
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,  
 And Colin thee invites to come.  
 Invites to come,  
 Thy Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join,  
 My tender flocks, and all are thine ;  
 If love and Rosalind be here,  
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year,  
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.  
 Come, see a cottage and a swain,  
 Thou canst my love nor gifts disdain,  
 Thou canst my love nor gifts disdain.  
 Leave all behind, nor longer stay,  
 For Colin calls, then haste away,  
 Then haste away,  
 For Colin calls, then haste away.



He stopt at her stall, ha ma sweet pritty dear,  
Vat shall I give you for dat little fish here ;  
That Lobster, cry'd Susan, I'll be at one word,  
For less than a shilling I can't it afford.

Derry down, &c.

Un shilling, ma dear, parbleu, and vor vat,  
For one half de monie I's buy better as dat ;  
Aha ! jarnebleu, begar it does stink a,  
Pray smell it your fell, mattam, vat do you tink a.

Derry down, &c.

I say you're a lying French impudent dog,  
One half your damn'd country would jump at such  
prouge :

With arms set akimbo, up to him she goes,  
And bob went the lobster full plump 'gainst his nose.

Derry down, &c.

Bugresque vous et sacra blue you damn'd bich,  
T' abuse a gentleman comes to buy fish ;  
Me never will buy a pig in a pock,  
My nose for me was always mine cook.

Derry down, &c.

Then barley neb Sue, her fingers she snapt,  
Pulling him by the nose, a fine curtsy she dropt,  
What business then have cooks out of their place,  
Come, nose, to my kitchen, and shows her fat face.

Derry down, &c.



To the Tune of *Had awa' frae me, Donald.*

**O** WILL you hae the tartan plaid,  
Or will you hae ta ring, mattam,  
Or will you hae ta kiss o' me,  
And dats ta pretty ting, mattam.



Had awa', bide awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 I'll neither kifs, nor hae a ring,  
 Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O see you not her ponny progues,  
 Her fecket plaid, plew, creen, mattam,  
 Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,  
 And a shoulder pelt apoon, mattam.  
 Had awa', bide awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 Nae shoulder belts, nae trinkabouts,  
 Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.

Hur can peshaw a petter hough  
 Tan him wha wears the crown, mattam;  
 Her sell hae pistol and claymore,  
 Ta flie ti lallant loon, mattam.  
 Had awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 For a your houghs and warlike arms,  
 You're not a match for me, Donald.

Hur sell hae a short coat pi pote,  
 No trail my feets at rin, mattam,  
 A cutty fark of guide harn sheet,  
 My mitter he belpin, mattam.  
 Had awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 Gae hame and hap your naked houghs,  
 And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

You's ne'er be pidden work a turn  
 At ony kind o' spin, mattam,  
 But shug your lenno in a scull,  
 And tidel highland sing, mattam.  
 Had awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 Your jogging sculls, and highland sang,  
 Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,  
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, mattam,  
 Sweet milk an ream, as much you please,  
 Far sheaper tan pohea, mattam.  
 Had awa', bide awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 I wadna quit my morning's tea,  
 Your whey will ne'er agrée, Donald.

Haper Gallick yes pe learn,  
 An tats ta ponny speak, mattam,  
 Ye's get a cheefe, and putter kirn,  
 Come wi' me kin ye like, mattam.  
 Had awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 Your Gallick, and your Highland chear,  
 Will ne'er gae down wi' me, Donald.

Fait yes pe ket a silder protch,  
 Be pigger as the moon, mattam,  
 Ye's ride in curroch stead o' coach,  
 And wow put ye'll pe fine, mattam.  
 Had awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 For all your Highland rarities,  
 You're not a match for me, Donald.

What's tis ta way tat ye'll be kind  
 To a protty man like me, mattam,  
 Sae lang claymore pe po my side,  
 I'll never marry thee, mattam.  
 O come awa', run awa',  
 O come awa' wi' me, Donald,  
 I wadna quit my Highland man,  
 Frae Lallands set me free, Donald.

To its own Tune.

THE tempest now began to cease,  
Serenè the sky appear'd,  
The winds and waves were all at peace,  
Not the least noise was heard.

Adorn'd with each refulgent ray,  
The setting sun was seen,  
And o'er the surface of the sea,  
Diffus'd a golden gleam.

When Silvia to the shore retir'd,  
Dejected laid along,  
Thus sung what love and grief inspir'd,  
While rocks repeat the song :

'O were this calm, this lucid scene,  
An emblem of my breast ;  
'O would the tempest cease within,  
I might again be blest.

But man, vain, wicked, faithless man,  
Has robb'd my soul of peace ;  
With flatt'ry first, the wretch began,  
To won my heart with ease.

I, foolish I, his vows believ'd,  
And thought them all sincere ;  
Be not, ye fair, by man deceiv'd,  
Oh ! trust not what they swear.

They smile, they weep, they sigh, they pray,  
Wit, eloquence they use,  
And ev'ry art for to betray,  
And our fond sex abuse.

This I have found,—but Oh ! too late,  
Too late for my repose ;  
For now I would, but cannot hate  
The author of my woes.

Then rising, hopeless of relief,  
Nor ling'ring long she stood,  
Death, death, she cry'd, shall end my grief,  
And plung'd into the flood.



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With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,  
By reason my life let me square ;  
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,  
And the rest are but folly and care.

I

—

**My**



To its own Tune.

**M**Y Delia, unveil those bright eyes,  
And view the delights of the spring ;  
The sun has illumin'd the skies,  
The sky lark is now on the wing ;  
The shepherds their cottages leave,  
And Zephyr soft gales does disclose ;  
Then some of the odours receive,  
Which Flora now kindly bestows.

Tho' beauties around me do throng,  
And flowers now gayly appear,  
Regardless I still pass along,  
They charm not till Delia appear :  
Then beauteous Delia arise,  
And haste with your Strephon away,  
Inspect both the earth and the skies,  
The wonders of nature survey.



To its own Tune.

**F**LY care to the winds, thus I blow thee away,  
I'll drown thee in wine if thou dar'st but to stay ;  
With bumpers of claret my spirits I'll raise,  
I'll laugh, and I'll sing all the rest of my days.

Great Bacchus this moment adopts me his son,  
And brightens my fancy with transports unknown ;  
The sparkling liquor new vigour supplies,  
And makes the nymph kind who before was too wise.

Then dull sober mortals, be happy with me,  
Two bottles of claret will make us agree,  
Will open your eyes to see Phillis's charms,  
And her coyness wash'd down, she will fly to your arms.

To the Tune of *The Boatman*.

YE gentle winds that fan the sea,  
 And wave the fragrant bow'r,  
 Bear hence my sighs, and haste to me,  
 The swain whom I adore.  
 In vain fair Flora spreads her charms,  
 O'er ev'ry hill and vale,  
 While absent from my longing arms,  
 Is Roger of the dale.

Let wanton nymphs and swains employ,  
 In sensual love their days,  
 While I my darling youth enjoy,  
 In virtue's smiling rays :  
 Take all the false delights of courts,  
 Each glitt'ring beau and belle,  
 Give me, with harmless rural sports,  
 My Roger of the dale.



WHEN Sappho struck the quiv'ring lyre,  
 The throbbing-breast was all on fire ;  
 And when she rais'd the vocal lay,  
 The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had the nymph possess'd, with these,  
 Thy softer, chaster power to please,  
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
 Thy native smiles of artless truth :

The worm of grief had never prey'd  
 On the forsaken love sick maid,  
 Nor had she mourn'd an hapless flame,  
 Nor dash'd on rocks her tender frame.

Come

To its own Tune.

COME Roger, come Nell,  
Come Simkin, come Bell,  
Each lad, with his lass, hither come,  
With singing and dancing,  
In pleasures advancing,  
To celebrate harvest home.  
For Ceres bids play,  
And keep holiday,  
To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,  
To celebrate harvest home.

Our labours are o'er,  
Our barns in full store,  
Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;  
Then let each man take  
His prone and his rake,  
With his can, and his lass, in his hand.  
For Ceres, &c.

What mortal can be  
So happy as we,  
In innocent pastime and mirth,  
While thus we carouse  
With our sweet-hearts and spouse,  
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.  
For Ceres, &c.



To its own Tune.

BE still, ye winds, Chloe's asleep ;  
Ye murm'ring waters, gently glide ;  
Ye mossy banks, your verdure keep,  
Ye flow'rs, appear all in your pride.

Raise, raise ye songsters of the grove  
To harmony your little throats,  
Each wish, each latent passion move,  
With all your thrilling, am'rous notes.

Your leafy arms, ye beaches, spread,  
And with the elms and oaks entwine,  
Whilst fragrant dews drop on her head,  
From rosy buds, and the eglantine.

Morpheus, strew the poppies round,  
In leaden sleep confine her fast;  
Her mantle fast, her zone unbound,  
Ye graces revel round her waist.

Auspicious Cupid, guide me there;  
O lay me gently on her breast.  
'Tis done — and all the charming fair  
Asleep, unknowing, is possest.

High revelling in vast delight,  
Panting, sighing, dead I seem'd:  
Strephon, she cry'd, (wak'd in a fright)  
Is't you? O Lord, I thought I dream'd.



*Damon's Wish.*

**I**F flatt'ring love, if wild despair  
Should triumph o'er a virgin's breast,  
The rushing tides would storms raise there,  
The ragged floods destroy her rest.

Innocence, thou unerring guide,  
Conduct us to some pleasant grove,  
Where we in safety may abide,  
To perfect all the joys of love.

Near



Near some cool bank, near hillocks green,  
 Far distant from the gaudy train ;  
 Where silence dwells, and joy serene,  
 Where bliss surrounds the happy twain.

Welcome would be that rural scene,  
 Where rolling rivers run between ;  
 Welcome would be that spot of ground,  
 Where wand'ring willows circle round.



*The faithful Lover.*

**H**AD I but the wings of a dove,  
 Enraptur'd, I'd hasten away,  
 And quickly repair to my love,  
 Whose beauties enliven the day.  
 Bring soon from the hamlets again,  
 Ye gods, her I ask for my wife ;  
 Without her I'm ever in pain,  
 And relish no pleasure in life.

Ah ! cruel decree of hard fate,  
 To keep me so long from my fair,  
 Come, pity my desolate state,  
 And banish all thoughts of despair :  
 With her, oh ! what scenes I enjoy  
 Of mirth and good humour all day,  
 Such blessings as never will cloy,  
 Nor cease, till our souls leave the clay.



To its own Tune.

**I** WENT to see my dear, but she  
 No sooner saw my face,

Than

Than in disdain she turn'd away,  
And left me in amaze.

I follow'd, ask'd her what might be:  
The cause she us'd me so?  
She look'd upon me fullenly,  
And pouting, bid me go.

Pox take your jilting tricks, said I,  
Have I this scorn deserv'd?  
Have I done aught? if not, then why  
Am I thus basely serv'd?

All in a rage I curs'd, and swore  
To turn my love to hate,  
Resolv'd that I would never more  
Come near the base ingrate.

At that she cast a tempting smile,  
And shew'd me such new charms;  
I stood to think upon't a while,  
Then fled into her arms.



To its-own Tune.

**D**AMON for love, still meets disdain,  
The nymph makes no return,  
All she affords to heal his pain,  
Is to reward with scorn.

The more he begs she'd hear his voice,  
The more she still denies;  
The faster he her steps pursues,  
She still the faster flies.

At length she leaves her hasty flight,  
And turns to meet the swain;

Surpris'd

Surpris'd she's now, to find him slight  
What he pursu'd with pain.

My crime, she cries, I see too late,  
I shew'd my flame too soon;  
If I had still repaid with hate,  
I'd had him still my own.

Ye lovely nymphs, in time beware,  
Nor yield your hearts too soon,  
Lest my unhappy fate you share,  
And are, like me, undone.



To the tune of *The Lass with the golden locks.*

NO more of my Harriet, of Polly no more,  
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me be-  
Myself for a slave to gay Venus I've sold, (fore;  
And have barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:  
I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,  
And will sing of the lass with the golden locks.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,  
Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow ;  
Such, painters of old, drew the queen of the fair ;  
'Tis the taste of the ancients, 'tis classical hair.  
And tho' witlings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks,  
Yet I'll sing of my lass with the golden locks.

Than the swan in the brook she's more dear to my  
fight,  
Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white ;  
Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above,  
Which are fit for the labour or language of love.  
At the park, in the mall, at the play, in the box,  
My lass bears the bell, with her golden locks.

Her

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,  
 Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;  
 She shall ease my fond heart, and shall soothe my soft  
 While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain. (pain,  
 Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the fox,  
 While I have the lass with the golden locks.



*The Swain's Resolution.*

**T**HO' form'd by the tenderest care of young love,  
 A wonderful cluster of charms you appear,  
 So sweet no May morning, so gentle no dove;

The rose not so blooming, the lily so fair,  
 Yet nothing should make me submit to your chain,  
 For free I was born, and as free will remain.  
 For free I was born, and as free will remain.

Tho' diamonds were fully d, when match'd with your  
 eyes,

Tho' ermine and snow was disgrac'd by your skin,  
 Your soul too was lovely, enchanting and wise;

All lustre without, and all sweetness within:  
 Yet nothing shall make me submit to your chain,

For free, &c.

Tho' black as the jet, with a beautiful twine

Your delicate tresses all wantonly flow'd,  
 Your shape was perfection, your air was divine,

You spoke like an angel, and mov'd like a god:  
 Yet nothing shall make me submit to your chain,

For free, &c.



*The Address.*

'TWIXT pleasing hope, and painful fear  
 True love divided lies,  
 With artless look, and soul sincere,  
 Above all mean disguise.  
 For Celia thus my heart has mov'd,  
 Accept it, lovely fair,  
 I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,  
 Then let me not despair.

My fate before your feet I lay,  
 Sentence your willing slave;  
 Remember that tho' tyrants slay,  
 Yet heav'nly powers save.  
 To bless, is heav'n's peculiar grace,  
 Let me a blessing find;  
 And since you wear an angel's face,  
 O show an angel's mind.



WHAT can assuage the pain man feels,  
 When busy cares disturb his breast,  
 When modest sense his want conceals,  
 With thousand thoughts that bar his rest?

Can wine one gloomy thought remove?  
 Can titles, wealth, or might give ease?  
 Can woman's charms, or thoughts of love  
 Recal his soul, or mind to peace?

No, no, they're trifling pleasures all,  
 The rich enjoy them but a day;  
 Within their breast they deign to call,  
 Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.

Content alone can make us sing,  
When wanton fortune is unkind;  
Then sits a wretch above a king,  
And quiets ev'ry ruffled mind.



*Monsieur Pantin.*

**I** SING not of battles that now are to cease,  
Nor carols my muse in the praise of a peace,  
To show that she's oft in good company seen,  
She humbly begs leave to sing Monsieur Pantin.  
Examine all round, and, at length, you will own,  
His likenesses daily are met with in town ;  
Then let me my song undisturbed begin,  
And shew all his brothers to Monsieur Pantin.

And first, pray, observe that strange thing made for show,  
That compound of powder and nonsense, a beau ;  
So limber his joints, and so strange is his mien,  
That you cry, as he walks, look you, there's a Pantin !  
How oft have you heard that the ladies love change,  
And, from one entertainment to th' other will range.  
In this they are constant, what diff'rence was seen,  
When they laid down the fribble, and took the Pantin ?

Then all ye fair lasses that bloom like the morn,  
Who seek not your beauties by art to adorn ;  
When I see on your bosom this little machine,  
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin.  
Ye youths who have parts, tho' you often wear lace,  
No longer let foplings your merits disgrace,  
But attack the fair maid with a resolute mein,  
Till she clasps her young lover, and burns her Pantin.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

**D**EAR Sylvia, no longer my passion despise,  
Nor arm thus with terror thy beautiful eyes,  
Nor arm thus with terror thy beautiful eyes.  
They become not disdain, but most charming would  
prove,

If once they were soft'ned with smiles, and with love,  
If once they were soft'ned with smiles, and with love.

S Y L V I A.

While I, with a smile, can each shepherd subdue,  
Oh! Damon, I must not be soft'ned by you,  
Oh! Damon, I must not be soft'ned by you.  
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded hour,  
The pride of us, women, unlimited power,  
The pride of us, women, unlimited power.

D A M O N.

Tho' pow'r, my dear, be to deities given,  
Yet generous pity's the darling of heaven,  
Yet generous pity's the darling of heaven.  
Oh! then, be that pity extended to me.  
I'll kneel, and acknowledge no goddess but thee,  
I'll kneel, and acknowledge no goddess but thee.

S Y L V I A.

Suppose to your suit I should listen a-while,  
And only, for pity's sake, grant you a smile,  
And only, for pity's sake, grant you a smile.

D A M O N.

Nay, stop not at that, but your kindness improve,  
And let gentle pity be rip'ned to love,  
And let gentle pity be rip'ned to love.

S Y L V I A.

Well, then, gentle swain, I'll examine my heart;  
And, if it be possible, grant you a part,  
And, if it be possible, grant you a part.

D A M O N.

Now, that's like yourself, like an angel express'd,  
For, grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest,  
For, grant me but part, and I'll soon steal the rest.

H

B O T H.

## B O T H.

Take heed then, ye fair, and with caution believe,  
 For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive,  
 For love's an intruder, and apt to deceive.  
 When once the least part the sly hurcheon has gain'd,  
 You'll never be easy 'till the whole is obtain'd,  
 You'll never be easy 'till the whole is obtain'd.



To its own Tune.

**D**ID you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass this  
 way,  
 Crown'd with myrtle, and all the gay verdure of May;  
 'Tis my shepherd, oh! bring him once more to my eyes,  
 From his Lucy, in search of new pleasures, he flies:  
 All the day how I travel'd, and toil'd o'er the plains,  
 In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth the pains.

Take care, maids, take care when he flatters and  
 swears,  
 How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own ears;  
 Like the rose-bud in June, ev'ry hand he'll invite,  
 But wound the kind heart, like the thorn out of sight;  
 And trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,  
 She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her pains.

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,  
 E'er he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply;  
 Love, honour and truth were the themes that he sung,  
 And he vow'd that his soul was a-kin to his tongue;  
 Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,  
 And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,  
 Soon the wanton grew weary, and flung it away;  
 Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,  
 In search of another as silly as I.

But



But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,  
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her pains.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you soothe the fond  
flame,  
And believe, in good time, all the sex are the same;  
Like Strephon, from beauty to beauty they range,  
Like him they will flatter, dissemble and change;  
And, do all we can, still this maxim remains,  
That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth the  
pains.



To the Tune of *Lumps of Puddings*.

COME here, you afflicted of ev'ry degree,  
Leave, leave the dull doctors, and hasten to me;  
As many as all the whole faculty kill,  
And that's a bold word, now I cure with my pill.

Gout, fever and stone all avoid my approach,  
Who often stand buff to a dunce in a coach;  
The toughest disease cannot baffle my skill,  
And death drops his dart, when I brandish my pill.

Here lay down your cares, here a remedy find,  
This cures not the body alone, but the mind;  
The fop shall have learning, the fool wit at will,  
Nay, the lawyer be honest, who tastes of my pill.

It rubs up the memory, refreshes the brain,  
And helps the mad knave to his senses again;  
The poet remembers the faults of his quill,  
And the miser his debts, when he swallows my pill.

In short, 'tis a wonder, you need of it all,  
Health and sense to be bought, and the price is but small;

Give sixpence a-piece, and I'll bring you no bill,  
But go home and be happy, by means of my pill.

Here buy it, come buy, while it is to be had,  
Or I'll freely bestow it at once on the dead;  
Your fathers will rise, and each cancel his will,  
Then you'll wish, tho' in vain, you had purchas'd my  
pill.



To its own Tune.

**N**ATURE for thee has cull'd her store,  
Then why shouldst thou, fond maid,  
Pretend to make thy beauty more,  
In borrow'd charms array'd.

The radiant plumes no more delight,  
Nor once our thought employ;  
Whilst thy own native charms excite  
Our wonder and our joy.

Believe me, nymph, their glories fade,  
Plac'd near thy brighter eyes;  
Brilliants on you appear decay'd,  
On others they'd surprize.

Since, then, heaven-deck'd, you win all hearts,  
Make dress no more your care;  
To meaner beauties leave those arts,  
Which you so well can spare.



**M**USIC, how powerful is thy charm,  
That can the fiercest grief disarm,

Calm

Calm passions in a ruffled breast,  
 And lull e'en jealousy to rest.  
 With am'rous thought the soul inspire,  
 Or kindle up a war like fire,  
     So great is music's power.

Amphion, with his tuneful lyre,  
 Could rocks remove, and stones inspire;  
 Command a city to arise,  
 Make lofty buildings touch the skies;  
 While stones, obedient to his call,  
 Harmonious stood, and form'd a wall,

So great, &c.

Arion, from his vessel cast,  
 In safety o'er the billows past;  
 For, mounting like the ocean-god,  
 Upon a dolphin's back he rode,  
 While shoals of fishes flock'd around,  
 And pleas'd, drank in th' enchanting sound,

So great, &c.

When Orpheus, thro' hell's dreary coast,  
 Was seeking for his consort lost.  
 His music drew the ghosts along,  
 And furies listned to his song:  
 His song could Charon's rage disarm,  
 And Pluto and his consort charm,

So great, &c.

Inflam'd by music, soldiers fight;  
 Inspir'd by music, poets write;  
 Music can heal the lover's wound,  
 And calm fierce rage by gentle sound;  
 Philosophy attempts in vain,  
 What music can, with ease, attain,  
     So great is music's power.

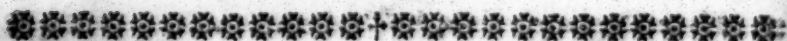
To its own Tune.

**W**HAT medicine can soften the bosom's kind smart?  
 What Lethe can banish the same?  
 What cure can be met with to soothe the fond heart,  
 That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try  
 The sports of the walk and the green;  
 When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,  
 'Twas here, first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan;  
 In accents so piercing and clear,  
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,  
 As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willows my temples shall shade,  
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;  
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,  
 And Damon pretended to love.



**Y**OU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,  
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;  
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?  
 What know you of angels? I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,  
 And nothing but death should my passion remove;  
 I've lik'd you a twelve-month, a calendar year,  
 And not yet contented! have conscience, my dear.



**Y**E medley of mortals that make up this throng,  
 Spare your wit for a moment, and list to my song;  
 What



What you would not expect, here my wit shall be new,  
And, what is more strange! every word shall be true.

Sing tantararara, truth all, truth all,  
Sing tantararara, truth all.

Not a toy in the place you'll buy cheaper than mine,  
Bring your lasses to me, and you'll save all your coin;  
The ladies alone will pay dear for my skill,  
For, if they will hear me, their tongues must lie still.  
Sing tantarara, mute all, &c.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the grave and the wise,  
Yet they practise all day what they seem to despise:  
Examine mankind, from the great to the small,  
Each mortal's disguis'd, and the world's a ball.  
Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The parson, brimfull of October and grace,  
With a long taper pipe, and a round ruddy face,  
Will rail at your doings, but when it is dark,  
The doctor's disguis'd, and led home by the clerk.  
Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The fierce roaring blade, with long sword and  
cock'd hat,  
Who with wounds he did this, and with 'sblood he'll  
do that:  
When he comes to his trial, he fails in his part,  
And proves, that his looks were but masks to his heart.  
Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The beau acts the rake, and will talk of amours,  
Shews letters from wives, and appointments from  
whores;  
But a creature so modest avoids all disgrace,  
For how would he blush, should he meet face to face?  
Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

The courtiers and patriots, mongst other fine things,  
Will talk of their country, and love to their kings,  
Yet

Yet their masks will drop off, if you shake but the pelf,  
And shew king and country all center'd in self.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

With an outside of wisdom, Miss squeamish the proud,  
If you touch her, she faints, if you speak, you are rude;  
Thus she's prim and she's coy, 'till her blossoms are  
gone,

And when mellow, she's pluck'd by the coachman, or  
John.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

With a grave mask of wisdom, says Physic and Law,  
In your case there's no fear, in your cause there's no flaw;  
'Till death and the judge have decreed, they look big,  
Then you find you have trusted a full-bottom'd wig.

Sing tantararara, masks all, &c.

Thus life is no more than a round of deceit,  
Each neighbour will find that his next is a cheat.  
But if, O ye mortals! these tricks ye pursue,  
Ye at last cheat yourselves, and the Devil cheats you.

Sing tantararara, masks all, masks all,

Sing tantararara, masks all.



**B**RISK wine makes us gay, and beauty leads on,  
'Tis beauty, 'tis beauty, 'tis beauty leads on,  
And with pleasure, with pleasure, with pleasure shall crown,  
'Tis beauty leads on, and with pleasure shall crown.  
'Tis the sparkling champaign shall heighten our joy,  
And the raptures of Phillis, that never can cloy.

In mirth and delight we'll frolic and play,  
And jovial, and jovial we'll drink all the day,  
With Bacchus and Cupid we'll frolic and play,  
With cheeks red as roses, or flowers in May.

'Tis the sparkling champaign, &c.

Ye sons of dull care, 'tis women and wine,  
Those blessings of nature, and Jove's delights,  
To man they were given, to soothe the dull mind,  
Then drink, and be chearful, give grief to the wind.  
'Tis the sparkling champaign shall heighten our joy,  
And the raptures of Phillis, that never can cloy.



*A Hunting Song.*

WITH horn, and with hound, I waken the day,  
And hie to my woodland walk away;  
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,  
And tie to my forehead a waxen moon.  
I course the fleet stag, and unkennel the fox,  
And chace the wild goats o'er the summits of rocks.  
With shooting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the lky,  
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.



GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,  
Obsequious to the muse and me,  
For once endure the pain to think,  
O sweet insensibility!  
Sister of peace and indolence,  
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow,  
Elaborately void of sense,  
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow,  
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to some cowslip painted mead,  
There ~~be~~ me doze away dull hours,  
And under me let Flora spread  
A sofa of her softest flowers.

Where,

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe,  
 Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,  
 While murmurs of the stream beneath,  
 Still flow in unison with thine.  
 Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O idleness, the woes  
 Of life we patiently endure ;  
 Thou art the source where nature flows,  
 We shun thee but to make thee sure.  
 For who could bear war's toil and waste,  
 Or who the thund'ring of the sea,  
 But to be idle at the last,  
 And find a pleasing end in thee,  
 And find a pleasing end in thee.



**E**MERG'd from winter's gloomy scenes,  
 The infant spring appears ;  
 The meadow strew'd with mingled greens,  
 An early beauty wears ;  
 The hoar'd winter sleeping root,  
 Late in honour's shade,  
 Proud to display the earliest shoot,  
 Peeps from the genial bed.

Snow drops, in virgin pure attire,  
 There shame-fac'd blossoms rear ;  
 And humble crocus' golden fire,  
 Adorns the gay parterre ;  
 On mossy banks, in sheltring bowers,  
 By mazy wandring streams,  
 The sweet blown primrose sheds her flowers  
 To Phoebus vernal beams.

Hail source of light, great lamp of day,  
 What joys from thee arise ;  
 Nature revives when thou art nigh,  
 If thou depart she dies.



Groves, woodlands, hedge-row, budding scene,  
With warning preludes ring ;  
All nature breathes a joy serene,  
And hails the new born spring.



THE new flown birds, the shepherds sing,  
And welcome in the May ;  
Come Pastorella, now the spring,  
Makes ev'ry landkip gay :  
Wide spreading trees, their leafy shade,  
O'er half the plain extend,  
Or in reflecting fountains play'd,  
Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come taste the season in its prime,  
And bless the rising year ;  
O how my soul grows sick of time,  
Till thou my love appear ;  
Then shall I pass the glad some day,  
Warm in thy beauties shine,  
When thy dear flock shall sport and play,  
And intermix with mine.

For thee, of doves, a milk white pair,  
In silken bands I hold ;  
For thee a firstling lambkin fair,  
I keep within the fold,  
If milk white doves acceptance meet,  
Or tender lambkins please,  
My spotless heart, without deceit,  
Be offer'd up with these.



### *A Hunting Song.*

OF all the pleasure time does yield,  
Give me a pack of hounds and field,

Whose

Whose eccho shall, throughout the sky,  
 Make Jove admire our harmony,  
 And wish that he a mortal were,  
 To view the pastime we have here.

I'll tell you of a rare scent,  
 That befel to us as we went :  
 On Duncy down a hare we found,  
 That led us all a smoking round,  
 O'er hedge and ditch away she goes,  
 Admiring her approaching foes. ✓

A PARLEY, the HARE.

And when she found her strength did waste,  
 She parly'd with the hounds at last :  
 Kind hounds, says she, forbear to kill  
 A harmless hare, that ne'er did ill ;  
 And if your master sport does crave,  
 I'll lead a scent where he would have.

The HOUNDS.

Alas ! poor hare, it is our nature,  
 To kill thee above all other creature ;  
 Our master he does want a bit,  
 So well as you'll become the spit ;  
 He'll eat thy flesh, we'll pick thy bones,  
 This is thy doom, so get thee gone.

The HARE.

Then since you set my life so slight,  
 I'll make Black Sloven turn to white,  
 And Yorkshire Gray that runs at all,  
 I'll make him wish he were install'd,  
 And Sorril, that does seem to flee,  
 I'll make him souple ere I die.

The hollow hark in, &c.

**C**HASTE Lucretia, when you left me,  
 You of all that's dear bereft me,  
 Tho' I show'd no discontent,  
     Grief is strongest,  
     And the longest,  
 When too great to find a vent.

How much fiercer is the anguish,  
 When we most in secret languish ;  
     Silent streams are deepest found,  
     Noisy grieving,  
     Is deceiving,  
 Empty vessels make most sound.

Had I words that could reveal it,  
 Yet I wisely would conceal it,  
     Tho' the question be but fair,  
     Grief and merits,  
     Love and spirits,  
 Always lose by taking air.

Guardian angels still defend you,  
 And suprising joys attend you,  
     Whilst I'm like the winter sun,  
     Faintly shining,  
     And declining,  
 Till thy charming spring return.



### *The Highland Queen.*

**N**O more my song shall be, ye swains,  
 Of purling streams or flow'ry plains ;  
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,  
 And Phoebus tunes the warbling lyre ;  
 Divinely aided, thus I mean  
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,  
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;  
From pride and affectation free,  
Alike she smiles on you or me.  
The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,  
Her settled calm of mind destroy;  
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
And adds a lustre to the whole;  
A matchless shape, a graceful mein,  
All centers in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate  
Has destin'd for so fair a mate;  
Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,  
And each returning day brings more;  
No youth so happy can be seen,  
Possessing thee my Highland Queen.

\*\*\*\*\*

SWEET Anny frae the sea beach came,  
Where Jocky spil'd the vessel's side;  
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,  
When Jocky's tost aboon the tyde:  
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,  
Yet I'll be true as he has been;  
And when ilk lass about him thrang,  
He'll think on Anny, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,  
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,  
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,  
And made a brag of what he'd gie:  
What tho' my Jocky's far awa',  
Tost up and down the ausome main,  
I'll keep my heart ane other day,  
Since Jocky may return again.



Nae mair, false Jamie, sing nae mair,  
 And fairly cast your pipe awa',  
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,  
 To see his friend his love betray :  
 For a' your sangs and verse are vain,  
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow,  
 My heart to him shall true remain,  
 I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Bla' fast, ye gales, round Jocky's head,  
 And gar your waves be calm and still ;  
 His hameward sail wi' breezes speed,  
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill :  
 What tho' my Jocky's far awa',  
 Yet he will bra in filler shine ;  
 I'll keep my heart anither day,  
 Since Jocky may again be mine..



### *Hearts of Oak.*

**W**HAT mortals on earth can with Britons compare,  
 The rivals of both in commerce and war ;  
 Our soldiers and sailors all heroes surpass,  
 And our castles of wood stand like castles of brass.  
 Heart of oak are our Ships,  
 Hearts of oak are our men ;  
 We always are ready,  
 Steady, boys, steady,  
 We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

The fame of our arms both the Indies have known,  
 And oft have been aw'd by our naval renown ;  
 For glory we've ransack'd the globe all around ;  
 To furnish new conquests, new worlds must be found.  
 Heart of oak, &c.

But know we're not merely the lords of the seas,  
In Asia we crowns can dispense as we please ;  
Proud Nabobs to us owe their title to rule,  
And when we've a mind, can dethrone the Mogul.

Heart of oak, &c.

See proud Pondicherry, the pride of the east,  
Where late mighty Lally defiance express'd,  
To Britain a conquest now easily falls,  
In spite of her boasted impregnable walls.

Heart of oak, &c.

America's islands our thunder alarms,  
And all its vast continent bows to our arms ;  
While bravely in Europe our heroes advance,  
And Hodgson and Keppel strike terror to France.

Heart of oak, &c.

If e'er the monsieurs should attempt to invade,  
We'll deem it no more than a martial parade ;  
At their Quixote invasions we always shall smile,  
And bid them remember the fate of Belleisle.

Heart of oak, &c.



To the Tune of *Which no body can deny.*

**T**HAT all men are beggars, you plainly may see,  
For beggars there are of ev'ry degree,  
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we,  
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

The tradesman he begs his wares you would buy,  
He begs you'll believe the price is not high,  
He swears to his trade when he tells you a lie ;  
Which no body can deny, &c.



The

The lawyer he begs you would give him a fee,  
Tho' he reads not your brief, nor regards not your plea,  
Then advifes your foe how to get a decree ;  
Which no body can deny, &c.

The courtier he begs for a pension, a place,  
A ribbon, a title, a finile from his Grace ;  
'Tis due to his merit, 'tis writ in his face ;  
Which no body can deny, &c.

But if by mishap he shall chance to get none,  
He begs you'll believe the nation's undone,  
There's but one honest man, and himself is that one ;  
Which no body can deny, &c.

The fair one who labours all morning at home,  
New charms to create, and much paint to consume,,  
She begs you'll believe 'tis her natural bloom ;  
Which no body should deny, &c.

The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,  
She begs he'd be gone, yet her languishing eye  
Still begs he would stay, for a maid she can't die ;  
Which none but a fool would deny, &c.



WHEN I die let me have,  
In a hoghead my grave,  
And fill it with rosy Canary ;  
Then my jovial boys come,  
Drink and roar o'er my tomb,  
I'll make all the good fellows merry.

Wine warmeth the veins,  
And cheareth the brains ;  
When drunk with a beggar I'm happy :  
I revel and sing,  
I'm an absolute king ;  
'Tis the joy of my soul to be nappy.

He's a traitor that thinks,  
 He's a true man that drinks,  
 Then pu'th it about, honest fellow ;  
 See, it smiles o'er the glass,  
 And it smiles in my face,  
 Like my mistress 'tis pleasant and mellow.



### *The Apology.*

I'M sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,  
 To sing, to sing, you might as well bid me to fly ;  
 'Tis true, I've a voice, so has the town cryer,  
 If I say mine's a better, I'm sure I'm a liar.

However, to please you, altho' I be hoarse,  
 If you'll take it, like marriage, for better for worse.  
 Now you've heard, nay you've heard the best I can do,  
 And I'm sure you're convinc'd what I told you was true.



AS Jamie gay gang'd blyth his way  
 Along the river Tweed,  
 A bonny lass as e'er was seen,  
 Came tripping o'er the mead.  
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,  
 The buxom nymph survey'd,  
 And full of glee, as lad could be,  
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, when by thine sell  
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here :  
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,  
 Canst tell me, laddie, where ?



To town I'll hie, he made reply,  
Some meikle sport to see,  
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,  
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She g'im her hand, nor made a stand,  
But lik'd the youth's intent ;  
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale  
Right merrily they went.  
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,  
And flowers bloom'd around ;  
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,  
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon  
The zenith of his power,  
When to a shade their steps they made,  
To pass the mid-day hour.  
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid  
The lass, who scorn'd to frown,  
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,  
And he to gang to town.



H E.

**D**EAREST Daphne, turn thine eyes,  
Jocund day begins to rise ;  
See the morn with roses crown'd,  
Sprinkling dew drops on the ground :  
Love invites to yonder grove,  
Where only lovers dare to rove.  
Let us haste, make no delay,  
Cupid calls, we must obey.

S H E.

Ah ! Philander, I'm afraid,  
There poor Laura was betray'd ;

By young Strephon's subtle wiles,  
Soothing words, and artful smiles;  
Simple maids are soon undone,  
When their simple hearts are won:  
Press me not, I must away,  
And honour's strict commands obey.

H E.

Gentle Daphne, fear not you,  
I'll be ever kind and true;  
Think no more on Laura's fate;  
View yon turtle and his mate,  
See how freely they impart  
Th'impulse of each others heart:  
Like them, my fair, let's sport and play,  
Nature prompts us to obey.

S H E.

Shepherd, I perceive your aim,  
You and Strephon are the same;  
You, like him, would me betray,  
Should I trust whate'er you say.

H E.

If Daphne doubts, let Hymen's bands  
This instant join our willing hands,  
The invitation I obey,  
And love with honour will repay.

B O T H.

No longer then the moments waste,  
But to the altar let us haste;  
The invitation we obey,  
And love with honour will repay.



**I**N wine there is all in life you can name,  
It strengthens our friendship, and love aids the same;  
Since life, my dear boy, is at most but a span,  
Let's live all our days, and let this be the plan:  
To drink, my brave boys,  
And drive away sorrow,

If the cash but hold out  
We'll ne'er ask to borrow,  
If the cash but hold out  
We'll ne'er ask to borrow,  
Tho' poor rogues to-day,  
We'll be rich rogues to-morrow.

May we live in a village not far from a town,  
With a bed for a friend, whene'er he comes down,  
With a pack of good hounds in the morn when we wake,  
To mount the brisk courser, and take the next brake.  
Then drink, &c.

May our victuals be good, not nice of their sort,  
And our cellars well stor'd with old claret and port,  
With a few bumper glasses to toast to old glories,  
As our fathers, and grand-fires, have oft done before us.  
Then drink, &c.

With an honest buck chaplain to grace the round table,  
Who will drink what he can, and no longer than able,  
Who will drink till his face, like the claret, is red,  
Or like old Arch the parson, God rest him, he's dead.  
Then drink, &c.

Ev'ry lad have his lass, that constant will prove,  
Quite true to his bed, and sincere in her love :  
For marriage I hate, and despise common whores,  
Coquettes I detest, but I like your amours.  
Then drink, &c.

And as we have lived, let's close the last scene,  
Quite free from all hardship, and free from all pain ;  
That the old ones may wonder, the young ones may  
And amazedly cry, O what friendship was there ! (stare,  
Then drink, &c.

DELIA,

To the Tune of *Let ambition fire the mind.*

H E.

**D**ELIA, Delia, leave the shade,  
Thou wast born for man's delight,  
Suffer not thy charms to fade,  
Far remov'd from mortal sight ;  
Hasten to the town away,  
Join the lovely and the gay.

S H E.

Here, Alexis, let me live,  
Free from danger, free from strife,  
Here the fruitful seasons give  
All that can embellish life :  
Here I learn from ev'ry flow'r  
To improve the coming hour.

H E.

At thy faithful lover's call,  
Haste to town, thou nymph divine,  
There to lead the sprightly ball,  
And in splendid courts to shine ;  
Music shall thy joy improve,  
And awake thy soul to love.

S H E.

Here in innocence secure  
I can love and live with thee,  
Here the breath of air is pure,  
Music here on ev'ry tree :  
Here alone I wish to shine,  
While my gentle swain is mine.

B O T H.

Let us then, my love, agree  
To divide the chequer'd year ;  
Winter us in town shall see,  
Summer shall behold us here ;  
Virtue ever safe remains,  
Or in courts, or on the plains.



To the Tune of *The Mill, Mill*—O.

'T WAS Pope first in vogue brought the blyth Mally  
Mogue,

And flourish'd her praise with his quill—O,  
But I strange that as yet, ne'er Twitenham wit  
E'er thought on a neighbouring Mill—O.  
That the sea's foaming joice did Venus produce,  
Let poets insist on it still—O,  
I stoutly aver, that a fairer than her  
Had her rise from the froth of a mill—O.

Then say, O ye Nine, how a nymph so divine  
Could the lap of a miller's wife fill—O ?  
Say, did not some god stray out of his road,  
And set up his staff in the mill—O ?  
Jove, roguish and loose, in the shape of a goose,  
Did Leda so lovingly bill—O,  
That Helen she hatch'd, who ne'er could be match'd  
But by this fair maid of the mill—O.

In another disguise, Alcmena he plays,  
Like Amphitryo he frolic'd his fill—O ;  
Then why might not Jove, as a cloak for his love,  
Take upon him the man of the mill—O ?  
To tell ev'ry grace of this fresh water lass,  
I own far surpasses my skill—O ;  
Ev'n Pope could not do't, and from head to foot  
Describe this fair maid of the mill—O.

If Homer, inflam'd, had an hundred tongues claim'd,  
Some arduous task to fulfil—O,  
I tell the old bard, the task were too hard,  
Tho' he had all the clecks in the mill—O.  
Then beaux all beware, she's bewitchingly fair,  
Her eyes must assuredly kill—O ;  
A bosom more sweet than the downy swan's neck  
Had this dearest sweet maid of the mill—O.

Under

Under petticoats red, tho' her feet be well hid,  
Yet peep they alternately will—O;  
Which plainly does prove, more charms lie above  
In this dearest sweet lass of the mill—O.  
Then fie muse, beware, 'twere better by far  
Such charms as these to conceal—O,  
Lest thereby you might new rivals invite,  
And bring more grist to the mill—O.

With influence benign, ah! would she incline  
With her stars to favour my will—O,  
That I might be with her, twere rapture I swear,  
And music to live in the mill—O.  
Then fair maid be kind, nor with water or wind,  
Unconstant, turn round like the wheel—O,  
Left when I'm dead, it may truly be said  
Your heart was the stone of the mill—O.



**L**ET the waiter bring clean glasses,  
With a fresh supply of wine,  
For I see by all your faces  
In my wishes you will join.

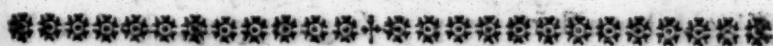
It is not the charms of beauty  
Which I purpose to proclaim,  
We a while will leave that duty  
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing  
Let's have one full glass at least,  
No one here can think't imposing,  
'Tis the founder of our feast.

**B**ACCHUS one day gayly striding  
 On his never-failing ton,  
 Sneaking, empty flasks deriding,  
 Thus addrest each toping son :  
 Praise the joys that never vary,  
 And adore the liquid shrine ;  
 All things noble, gay and airy,  
 Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Pristine heroes, crown'd with glory,  
 Owe their noble rise to me ;  
 Homer wrote the flaming story  
 Fir'd by my divinity :  
 If my influence be wanting,  
 Music's charms but slowly move ;  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,  
 Till I fill the swains with love.

If you crave a lasting pleasure,  
 Mortals, this way bend your eyes,  
 From my ever-flowing treasure  
 Charming scenes of bliss arise ;  
 Here's the soothing balmy blessing,  
 Sole dispeller of your pain,  
 Gloomy souls from care releasing ;  
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.



**P**R'YTHEE Billy  
 Ben't so silly,  
 Thus to waste thy days in grief ;  
 You say Betty  
 Will not let you——  
 But can sorrow bring relief ?  
 Leave repining,  
 Cease your whining,  
 K

Pox on torment, tears and woe ;  
 If she's tender  
 She'll surrender,  
 If she's tough, e'en let her go.



**M**USING of late on Windsor terrace feat,  
 Hot and weary, heard a merry am'rous couple  
 chat  
 Words as they go ; the nymph soon let me know  
 The other was the gay in dress, a blund'ring country  
 beau ;  
 He had shewn her all the lodgings great and small,  
 The tow'r, the bow'r, the green, the queen, and fine  
 St. George's hall :  
 Lastly, brought her here to court her for his dear,  
 To wed and bed, and swore he had a thousand pounds  
 a-year.

But the rare girl, more worth than gold or pearl,  
 Was nobly got, brought and taught to slight the fordid  
 world ;  
 She being brisk and gay, and in a tuneful lay,  
 In haste pull'd out a little flute, and bid him sing or  
 play :  
 He both arts defy'd, and she as quickly cry'd,  
 Who'd learn'd no way to sing nor play, should ne'er  
 make her a bride.



**O**LD, greedy Midas, I've been told,  
 That what you touch you turn to gold,  
 That what you touch, &c.  
 O! had I but a power like thine,  
 I'd turn whate'er I touch, to wine,  
 I'd turn, &c.

Each



Each purling stream should feel my force,  
 Each fish my fatal power mourn,  
 And wond'ring at the mighty change,  
 Should in their native regions burn,  
 Each fish, &c.  
 And wond'ring, &c.  
 Should in, &c.

Nor should there any dare t'approach  
 Unto my mantling, sparkling shrine,  
 But first should pay their vows to me,  
 And stile me only God of wine,  
 Unto my mantling, &c.  
 But first, &c.  
 And stile me, &c.



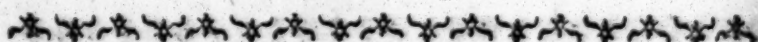
**I**N seventeen hundred and sixty three,  
 The lasses all they did agree,  
 That none of them would married be,  
 Until Havannah's lads they'd see:  
 Then bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,  
 You little ken what betides ye yet;  
 Havannah's dust is coming home,  
 Then we'll get husbands ere 'tis long.

Tho' some want legs, or some their hands,  
 'Twas destin'd by God's great command;  
 Their loss is great, yet ne'er let's stand  
 To marry them with heart and hand.  
 Then ne'er repine at their hard fate,  
 'Twas honour push'd them to that state;  
 Then shout aloud, both great and small,  
 One view will make amends for all.

How happy, happy then we'll be,  
 When seated on our sailor's knee;

For 'tis the will of heaven's decree,  
 That we should live once more to see  
 The French, the Spaniards, and their Dons,  
 Humbled once more by Albion's sons:  
 Then sing, and drink toasts from the barrel,  
 To Pocock and to Albemarle.

And now they're coming to this place,  
 In blue, or scarlet, with gold lace,  
 With laurels crown'd, and canty face,  
 And tho' some're maim'd, 'tis no disgrace;  
 For what they've got is by the laws,  
 In fighting for their country's cause:  
 Then join in heart and voice to sing,  
 Long live our sailors, and our king.



### *Stella and Flavia.*

**S**TELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour  
 Do various hearts surprize;  
 In Stella's soul is all her power,  
 And Flavia's in her eyes:  
 More boundless Flavia's conquests are,  
 And Stella's more confin'd.  
 All can discern a face that's fair,  
 But few a heavenly mind.

Stella, like Briton's monarch, reigns  
 O'er cultivated lands;  
 Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns  
 To rule o'er barren lands;  
 Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,  
 Thy beauty's only score,  
 Each day thou dost thy charms disgrace,  
 Each day gives Stella more.

To its own Tune.

**G**ENTLE love, this hour befriend me,  
To my eyes resign thy dart;  
Notes of melting music lend me,  
To dissolve a frozen heart:  
Chill as mountain snow's her bosom,  
Tho' I tender language use;  
'Tis by cold indiff'rence frozen,  
To my arms, and to my muse.

See, my dying eyes are pleading,  
Where a broken heart appears,  
For thy pity interceding,  
With th' eloquence of tears.  
While the lamp of life is fading,  
And beneath thy coldness dies,  
Death my ebbing pulse invading,  
Take my soul into thy eyes.



To its own Tune.

**W**HENEVER I'm going, and all the day long,  
At home, and abroad, and alone, in a throng,  
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,  
That your name, when I'm silent, still runs in my song.  
Sing, balinamona ora, balinamona ora,  
Balinamona ora, a kiss of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you, I take no repose,  
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes;  
So hot is the flame in my stomach that glows,  
By St. Patrick, I fear it will burn thro' my cloaths.  
Sing, balinamona ora, &c.  
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,  
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,  
And grant the petition your lover does crave,  
Who never was free, 'till you made him your slave.

Sing, balinamona ora, &c.

Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,  
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll stride,  
With a coach and six horses with Honey I'll ride,  
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing, balinamona ora, &c.

Your lily white fist for me.



To the Tune of *The Way to keep him.*

**Y**E fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,  
And triumph o'er the heart;  
For once, attentive be a while,  
To what I now impart;  
Would you obtain the youth you love,  
The precepts of a friend approve,  
And learn the way to keep him,  
And learn the way to keep him.

But soon as nature had decreed  
The bloom of eighteen years,  
And Isabel from school is freed,  
Then beauty's force appears:  
The youthful blood begins to flow,  
She hopes for man, and longs to know  
The surest way to keep him, &c.

When first the pleasing pain is felt,  
Within the lover's breast,  
And you, by strange persuasion, melt,  
Each wishing to be blest;



Be not too bold; nor yet too cloy,  
With prudence lure the happy boy,  
And that's the way to keep him, &c.

At court; at ball, at park, at play  
Assume a modest pride;  
And, lest your tongue your mind betray,  
In fewer words confide.

The maid, who thinks to gain a mate  
By giddy chat, will find too late,  
That's not the way to keep him, &c.

In dressing never the hours kill,  
That bane to all the sex;  
Nor let the arts of dear spadile,  
Your innocence perplex.  
Be always decent as a bride,  
By virtue's rules your reason guide,  
And that's the way to keep him, &c.

But, when the nuptial knot is fast,  
And both its blessings share,  
To make those joys for ever last,  
Of jealousy beware.  
His love with kind compliance meet;  
Let constancy the work complete,  
And that's the way to keep him, &c.



*Song. In Praise of the Guitar.*

NO more shall the muses dance round in a ring,  
When, charm'd with Clarissa, her beauties I sing;  
But Phoebus shall stop the career of his car,  
Entranc'd with the sound of my tinkling guitar.  
O! my guitar, O! my guitar, my strumming,  
My strumming, my tinkling guitar.

I sing not of battles great monarchs between;  
'Tis no fault of mine if they fall out or in;  
Cease, then, you loud trumpets, and drums of the war,  
You drown the soft twang of my tinkling guitar.  
O! my guitar, &c.

When, buy my rare flounders, poor fishermen bawl,  
Or feminine eunuchs sing high with a squall;  
Such ear-piercing sounds cannot rank in a par,  
With the ravishing twang of my tinkling guitar.  
Oh! my guitar, &c.

Tho' pedants a proverb have taught in the schools,  
That far sought, and dear bought are the fittest for fools;  
Yet while, with a tune, I can drive away care,  
I'll thrum, and I'll strum on my tinkling guitar.  
O! my guitar, O! my guitar, my strumming,  
My strumming, my tinkling guitar.



*Sung in the Character of a Sailor.*

**L**ET us dance, let us sing, and cheer up for our king,  
Of monarchs most glorious and chief,  
Let the French, lank and meager, eat frogs and soup-maigre,  
While we feast on porter and beef.

Shall their admirals dare with our English compare,  
To that we beg leave to say, nay;  
To Hawke and Boscawen their ruin is owing,  
In spite of all Maubert can say.

Long they swear they'd invade, and with puff and parade,  
Their fribblings and foplings might scare;  
But, my lads, let 'em come, now with trumpet and drum,  
And we'll tip 'em a knock on the ear.

But

But the beaux may rest clear, they have nothing to fear,  
And the French, that their glory's all past;  
For the Marquis of Granby, as sure as it can be,  
With taylors can beat them at last.

With their pimps, and their friars, their saints, and  
their liars,

How hard would be Great Britain's lot;  
Should they conquer our guns, all our girls must turn nuns,  
And their maidenheads all go to pot.

But let's hope for the best, while of George we're possess'd,  
What business have Britons with care;  
Let us never stand neuter, Huzza! for Ned Shuter,  
You're welcome to Bartholomew fair.



To its own Tune.

CLEORA, the joy and the pride of the plain,  
Alternately long had been woo'd by each swain;  
Fine garlands of roses, and woodbine so sweet,  
As tributes to beauty, were laid at her feet.  
Not Sally, nor Polly with her could compare,  
E'en Katty would yield, if Cleora was there.  
Dorillas would sigh, so would Colin and Hary,  
But her answer to all was, I've vow'd not to marry.

The gallant young Damon, next resolute, try'd  
To win the young maid, and to make her his bride;  
On the green he oft danced, and had love songs at will,  
Was at piping renown'd far and near for his skill;  
He swore, that her eyes were more bright than the day,  
And many fine things on her charms did he say;  
Yet still she reply'd, as to Colin and Hary,  
Pray, teaze me no more, for I've vow'd ne'er to marry.

Unaw'd

Unaw'd by denials, again he essay'd,  
And in love's softest language address'd the coy maid;  
Think, how time, which unnoticed, steals slyly away,  
Will wither each charm, and each beauty decay;  
The Gods, sure, design'd so much beauty for love,  
No longer be cruel, my passion approve:  
She own'd he spoke truth, but, determin'd to parry,  
Reply'd, tho' but faintly, I've vow'd ne'er to marry.

The swain knew his cue, catch'd the nymph in his arms,  
And again said as much as before, on her charms:  
At length, quite subdu'd, to herself she thus said,  
The Gods must dispense with the vows that I've made,  
Sly Cupid has pierc'd with an arrow my breast,  
And longer, I find, 'tis in vain to resist.  
To the church lead away, no longer I'll tarry,  
The vow's but a jest, kind Damon I'll marry.



To its own Tune.

**T**O Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung  
The charms of heavenly liberty;  
A gentle bird, 'till then with bondage pleas'd,  
With ardour parted to be free.  
His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain,  
Yet, ere he flies, tunes forth this pleasing strain.

While to the distant vale I wing,  
Nor wait the slow return of Spring,  
Rather in leafless groves to dwell,  
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell:  
Forgive me, mistress, since by thee,  
I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall cheer,  
With genial warmth, the drooping year,



I'll tell, upon the topmost spray,  
Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay ;  
Whilst, in my prison, taught by thee  
To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waste not on me an uselefs care,  
That kind concern let Strephon share ;  
Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,  
To those that the poor captive feels.  
Who, kept in hopelefs bonds by thee,  
Yet strives not for his liberty.



*A Hymn of Eve, in the Oratorio of Abel.*

**H**OW chearful along the gay mead,  
The daisy and cowslip appear ;  
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the Spring of the year :  
The myrtles that shade the gay bowers,  
The Herbage that springs from the sod ;  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits and sweet flow'rs,  
All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove ?  
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,  
Forbid it, devotion and love.  
The Lord who such wonders could raise,  
And still can destroy with a nod,  
My lips shall incessantly praise,  
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.



*Clout the Caldron.*

**T**HERE is a lady in the land,  
She lov'd a gentleman,

She

She could not get him when she would,

But took him now and then :

'Till she devis'd to dress him like

A tinker in occupation :

In that disguise that he should come

And clout her broken caldron.

With a fall, &c.

His face full fair he smother'd black,

That he might not be known,

With a leather targe upon his back,

His breeks was rent and torn :

He took a budget on his back,

A pike-staff in his hand,

And, like ony jolly tinker,

He gae'd lamping o'er the land.

With a fall, &c.

Till he came to yon good laird's yate,

He knock'd, and didna spare :

The porter he came thro' the close,

Wha raps sae rudely there ?

I am a tinker to my trade,

I work for meat and fee,

Have you any pots or pans to mend ?

Come bring them a' to me.

With a fall, &c.

The porter he went to the house,

Where the servants use to dine,

And told the lady, at the yate

There stood a tinker fine,

There is meikle brass into his bags,

And tridget in his apron,

And wi' his skill he can well clout,

And mend a broken caldron.

With a fall, &c.

Open

Open the door, porter,  
And quickly let him in,  
For if he be cunning of his craft,  
Much money shall he win.  
The tinker he got thro' the close,  
Disguised he stood there,  
He blinked bonny in her eye,  
Good day, my lady fair.

With a fall, &c.

You're welcome, tinker, unto me,  
You seem a man of skill,  
All broken vessels for to mend,  
Tho' they were ne'er so ill ;  
Our caldron she has meikle need,  
At her we will begin,  
And I'm sure 'twill take you half an hour  
To trim her out and in.

With a fall, &c.

Now they are to the brew-house gane,  
The place being very dark,  
He cast his budget from his back,  
And frankly fell to wark ;  
He gave her the hammer in her hand,  
The mair the craft to hide,  
And made the lady strike full fast  
Upon the caldron side.

With a fall, &c.

Which made the people all to say  
The tinker wrought a-pace ;  
To be sure so he did, but  
'Twas in another place.  
Caw tinker, caw,  
And make no' me the mock,  
For de'il a tinker in a' the land  
Has sic a steady stock

To his fall, &c.

L

The

The tinker caw'd, and caw'd fu' fast,  
 Until his back was fair,  
 Syne his hammer shank gaed way,  
 That he could caw nae mair.  
 He started straight up to his feet,  
 And straight out to the door,  
 Telling the lady, pay my job,  
 For I maun o'er yon muir.

With a fall, &c.

What's your demand? the lady said,  
 Pray tell it unto me?  
 The laird himself he will come down,  
 And pay to you your fee:  
 There's half a merk for ev'ry nail,  
 And half a crown for rooving.  
 De'il speed the dearth o't, quo' the laird,  
 We had better bought a new ane.

With a fall, &c.



### *The Rose.*

SWEET are the flow'rs that deck the field,  
 Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,  
 Sweet is the summer's gale that blows;  
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose,  
 And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Survey the gardens, fields and bow'rs,  
 The buds, the blossom and the flow'rs,  
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows,  
 That vies in sweetness with the rose,  
 That vies in sweetness with the rose.

Blow,



**B**Low, ye bleak winds, around my head,  
 And soothe my heart-corroding care ;  
 Flash round my brows, ye lightning red,  
 And blait the laurels planted there :  
 But may the maid, where'er she be,  
 Think not of my distress nor me,  
 Think not of my distress nor me.

Let all the traces of our love  
 Be ever blotted from her mind,  
 May from her breast my vows remove,  
 And no remembrance leave behind.

But may, &c.

O! may I ne'er behold her more,  
 For she has robb'd my soul of rest ;  
 Wisdom's assistance is too poor,  
 To calm the tempest in my breast.

But may, &c.

Come, death, O! come, thou friendly sleep,  
 And with my sorrows lay me low ;  
 And should the gentle virgin weep,  
 Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe.  
 Then may she think where'er she be  
 No more of my distress nor me,  
 No more of my distress nor me.



To the Tune of *Pinkie-house*.

**M**Y days have been so wondrous free,  
 The little birds that fly,  
 With careless ease from tree to tree,  
 Were but as blest as I.  
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear  
 Of mine increas'd their stream ?  
 Or ask the flying gales, if e'er  
 I lent a sigh to them ?

L 2

But



Will, joyous, instant pitch'd, then streight carress'd her,  
And, leaning o'er her barrow, thus address'd her :

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far  
Than those which in the barrow are ;  
With such a store of charms, 'tis well  
You may have stoln hearts to sell.

With such a store, &c.

My dear Cerissa, too you know,  
You stole it from me long ago ;  
And now I stop to ask of thee,  
To give it back, or marry me,  
To give it back, or marry me.

RECITATIVO.

Cerissa, archly leering as he spoke,  
While all the cherries blush'd upon her cheek,  
The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd, cull'd apace,  
And sent, like thunder, at his doleful face,  
Then grasp'd her barrow, trundled soft along,  
And looking round at Will, triumphant sung :

Shall I, possess of all these charms,  
Sleep nightly in a porter's arms ;  
Ambitious soul, detest such scum,  
And sigh for conquests yet to come.  
Fair youths my sov'reign power shall feel ;  
Ten thousand hearts I'll daily steal,  
And beauteous nymphs shall envious see  
Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me,  
Submit to me, submit to me, crown'd heads and dukes  
submit to me.



*The Dust Cart.*

A CANTATA.

As tink'ring Tom thro' th' streets his trade did cry,  
He saw his lovely Silvia passing by,  
In dust cart high advanc'd ;

The nymph was plac'd with rich cinders round her lovely waist ;  
Tom, with uplifted hands, the occasion blest,  
And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd :

Oh Silvia, while you drive your cart,  
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,  
You take our dust, and steal our hearts ;  
That mine is gone, alas is true,  
And dwells among the dust with you.

And dwells, &c.

Oh lovely Silvia, ease my pain,  
Give me the heart you stole again ;  
Give me my heart out of your cart ;  
Give me the heart you stole again.

Silvia advanc'd above the rabble rout,  
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about ;  
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as soot,  
And look'd disdain on little folks below ;  
To Tom she nodded as the cart drew on,  
And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,  
Be by a poultry crowd oppress'd ;  
Ambition now my soul does fire,  
The youth shall languish and admire,  
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
Shall long to ride, long to ride,  
Long to ride in my dust cart ;  
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,  
Shall long to ride in my dust cart,  
Shall long to ride in my dust cart.



### *The Turnspit.*

A CANTATA.

**A**S on creeket low, by fire side, sat John,  
To turn the spit, and baste the meat thereon,  
Oily



Oily emission did his face o'erflow,  
 Drooping at chin as house with thawing snow ;  
 Cumber'd with love of Doll, who sat hard bye,  
 Culling salubrious fruit to make a pye,  
 His flame emerg'd, which long in embryo laid,  
 Neglects the spit, and thus address the maid :

Inferior sweets the bees exhale,  
 From fertile lawn or flow'ry dale,  
 To thy unequal charms, to thy unequal charms,  
 Thy luscious lips and cheeks disclose  
 The blooming pink and blushing rose ;  
 O fold me in thy arms, O fold me in thy arms.

Earth cannot our pleasures divide,  
 When John is a bridegroom, and Doll is my bride ;  
 Whatever's thy humour, I'll never say nay ;  
 Our nights spend in pleasure, nor discord by day,  
 Our nights spend in pleasure, nor discord by day.

Doll, with indignant rage assaults the swain :  
 Confus'd her passion, like the rapid main,  
 At length impetuous to the scull'ry flies,  
 The ladle weilds, and thus exulting cries,  
 Presumptuous fool, no longer sing elate,  
 Nor with such musick woo me for thy mate ;  
 Blyth as the feather'd race, born to be free,  
 I live then, listen to my will's decree :

Were men as scarce as diamonds are, but seldom to be  
 found,  
 The maiden state I'd calmly bear, ere to such lout be  
 bound ;  
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo, stoop to a clumsy  
 wretch like you,  
 Shall I, whom footmen often woo, stoop to a clumsy  
 wretch like you.

John stood aghast, his head despondent hung,  
 While fear confin'd the efforts of his tongue ;

But

But soon as reason had resum'd her reign,  
 He took his seat, and turn'd the spit again.  
 Resolv'd no more the maiden to invoke,  
 With mimic accent, thus his mind he broke:

The kids that crop the verdant lawn,  
 The larks that climb the sky,  
 The bleating lamb, the dapple fawn,  
 Are not more blyth than I.

Henceforth content shall crown my brow,  
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow;  
 Henceforth content shall crown my brow,  
 Releas'd from ev'ry nuptial vow.



*My fond Shepherds.*

**M**Y fond shepherds of late were so blest,  
 The fair nymphs were so happy and gay,  
 That each night they went safely to rest,  
 And they merrily sung through the day;  
 But ah! what a scene must appear,  
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?  
 Shall the tabor, the tabor no more strike the ear,  
 Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Will the flocks from their pastures be led,  
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad?  
 Shall the looms be all stopt in the shade,  
 And the ships be all moor'd in the road?  
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,  
 And shall commerce grow sick of its tide?  
 Must religion expire on the ground,  
 And shall virtue sink down by her side?

To the Tune of *Thy fatal Shafts.*

**T**HY fatal shafts unerring move,  
I bow before thine altar, Love;  
I feel thy soft resistless flame,  
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame,  
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For when I gaze, my bosom glows,  
My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,  
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

And floods, &c.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain,  
My soothing murmurs to complain;  
My tongue some secret magic ties,  
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

My murmurs, &c.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
And ever drop the silent tear;  
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

Unfriended live, &c.

+++++

To its own Tune.

**W**HAT cheer, my honest mess mates,  
You're welcome all on shore;  
We've done our duty bravely,  
And ready to do more.

CHORUS.

We mount up a cliff, we hazard a mine,  
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
Our king to defend by sea and land,  
Our laws and liberty.

What

Whate'er we are commanded,  
With courage we obey ;  
And when our foes are bashful,  
We beckon them to stay.

CHORUS.

We mount up a cliff, we hazard a mine,  
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
Our king to defend, &c.

When we are on the top mast,  
We spy a sail in view,  
Then fire an eighteen pounder,  
In haste to bring her too.

CHORUS.

No canvass we spare, but quickly come near,  
In spite of the turbulent sea,  
For our king we ll defend, &c.

Now, *monfieurs* off are stealing,  
Like maggots in a nut ;  
We scorn fuch idle dealing,  
Soon down we bear full but.

CHORUS.

No canvass we spare, but tip them a cheer,  
And a prize the's sure to be ;  
For our king we ll defend, &c.

On shore we want no forming,  
We're one united band ;  
The word being given for storming,  
We fall to cutlas in hand.

CHORUS.

We mount up a cliff, we hazard a mine,  
And we laugh at the turbulent sea,  
For our king we'll defend, &c.

At home our peace preserving,  
O may he happy reign ;  
A confort so deserving,  
Will, will that peace maintain.

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

While doing his best, O may he be blest,  
With a royal progeny,  
This isle to defend, unto the world's end,  
Our laws and liberty.



*April Fool.*

A PRIL day began to rise,  
I saunt red o'er the verdant mead,  
And lovely Sally cast her eyes  
Where e'er my vagrant footsteps led;  
E'er my vagrant footsteps led.  
All full of mirth appear'd the fair,  
Upon the margin of a pool,  
She beckon'd, but as I drew near,  
She, laughing, call'd me April fool,  
April fool, April fool,  
She, laughing, call'd me April fool.

I shook my poor unthinking head,  
That never dreamt on April day ;  
However, to myself I said,  
Young maid, I'll soon this trick repay,  
Maid, I'll soon this trick repay.  
She ask'd me why I stupid stood,  
Like some poor frightened boy at school ?  
Because the goddess of the flood,  
Says I, makes me an April fool.

*April fool, &c.*

Ah la, says she, fine words indeed,  
Enough to win a maiden's heart ;  
Come, Colin, sound thy oaten reed,  
And play a love tune ere we part,  
Play a love tune ere we part.

I drew

I drew my pipe, which pleas'd her well,  
Nor would I let her fondness cool,  
I laid her down, but must not tell  
How she was made an April fool.

April fool, &c.



To its own Tune.

**T**HE lilies of France, and the fair English rose,  
Could never agree, as old history shows;  
But our Edwards and Henrys these lilies have torn,  
And in their rich standards such ensigns have born,  
To shew that old England, beneath her strong lance,  
Has humbled the pride and the glory of France.

What wou'd these Monfieurs? wou'd they know how  
they ran,  
Why, look at the annals of glorious Queen Anne;  
We beat 'em by sea, and we beat 'em by land,  
When Marlborough and Ruffel enjoy'd the command;  
We'll beat them again, boys, so let them advance,  
Old England despises the insults of France.

Why, let the grand monarch assemble his host,  
And threaten invasion on England's fair coast,  
We bid them defiance, so let them come on,  
Have at them, their business will quickly be done:  
Monfieurs, we will teach you a new English dance,  
To our grenadiers march, that shall frighten all France.

Let's take up our muskets, and gird on our swords,  
And, Monfieurs, you'll find us as good as our words:  
Beat drums, trumpets sound, and Huzza! for our king,  
Then welcome, Belleisle, with what troops thou canst  
bring;  
Huzza! for Old England, whose strong pointed lance  
Shall humble the pride and the glory of France.

To its own Tune.

WHEN youth, my first love,  
 Bade ambition's pulse move,  
 I sigh'd for a garter and star;  
 But my mother soon told me,  
 If such should behold me,  
 He'd carry the jest too far.

A gentleman then,  
 Who was fam'd for his pen,  
 Soft verses to make or to mar;  
 But I fear'd from that quarter,  
 He'd play with my garter,  
 And carry the jest too far.

But I'm the queen  
 Of young Ralph on the green,  
 Who joys in his plough and his car;  
 Let him do what he will,  
 And try his best skill,  
 He can't carry the jest too far.



To its own Tune.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
 When we thus shall meet again.  
 Where shall Strephon fondly see,  
 Beauty's only found in thee,  
 Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,  
 All the happy, live-long day;  
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where,  
 Tell me when, and tell me where.

M

All

All the happy day, 'tis true,  
 Blest, but only when with you;  
 Nightly, Strephon sighs alone,  
 Sighs, 'till Hymen make us one;  
 Tell me, then, and ease my pain,  
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,  
 When the priest shall kindly join  
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine?  
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,  
 Tell me when, I care not where,  
 Tell me when, I care not where.



To its own Tune.

**F**ANNY, the gods peculiar care,  
 With whom no mortal can compare,  
 Has beauty, wit and lively sense,  
 Conjoin'd with sweetest innocence,  
 Conjoin'd with sweetest innocence.

The virgin blush on Fanny's face,  
 To flowrets adds fresh blooming grace;  
 Her presence wakes the tuneful grove,  
 Her beauty fires each swain with love, &c.

As o'er the flow'ry lawn she walks,  
 Of her each shepherd sings, or talks;  
 Th' exulting hills her praise resound,  
 Fanny echoing all around, &c.

If thro' the woods my charmer stray,  
 Or to yon streams direct her way,  
 The trembling woods in honour bow,  
 The conscious streams more gentle flow, &c.

When



When sultry Phœbus burns the plains,  
And robs them of refreshing rains,  
The zephyrs waft their softest air,  
Well pleas'd to cool my charming fair, &c.

And now the happy maid is gone,  
And left her shepherd quite forlorn;  
Return, sweet nymph, my faith approve,  
And heal my breast with mutual love, &c.

Take from me, Gods! ambitious aim,  
Take from me titles, wealth and fame;  
Unenvy'd let proud mortals shine,  
Be praise their lot, be Fanny mine,  
Be praise their lot, be Fanny mine.



### *The humble Beggar.*

**I**N Scotland there lived a humble beggar,  
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame,  
But he was weel liked by ilka bodie,  
And they gae him funkets to rax his wame.

A nivefow of meal, a handfow of groats,  
A daad of a bunnock, or herring brie,  
Cauld parradge, or the lickings of plates,  
Wad make him as blyth as a beggar cou'd be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,  
The feint a bit of pride had he,  
He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bikker,  
Frae gentleman or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint, and afore they hang,  
In as good order as wallets could be;  
A lang kail gooly hang down by his side,  
And a meikle nout horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,  
It happen'd fae that he did die ;  
And wha d'ye think was at his late wake,  
But lads and lassies of a high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,  
And some they plaid at blind Harrie ;  
But suddenly up started the auld carle,  
I redd ye, good folks, tak tent o' me.

Up gat Kate that sat i'the nook,  
Vow kimmer, and how do ye ?  
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,  
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They boukit his grave in Duket's kirk yard,  
E'en fair fa' the companie ;  
But when they were gaun to lay him i'the yird,  
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Duket's kirk yard,  
He dunted on the kist, the boards did flie ;  
And when they were gaun to put him i'the yird,  
In fell the kist, and out lap he

He cry'd, I'm cald, I'm unco cald,  
Fu' fast rap the folk, and fu' fast ran he ;  
But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,  
And he help'd to drink his ain dergie.



### *A Rock and a wie Pickle Tow.*

**T**HERE was an auld wife had a wie pickle tow,  
And she wad gae try the spinning o't,  
But louten her down, her rock took a low,  
And that was an ill beginning o't ;

She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,  
 She trow and she drow, she ringl'd, she rang,  
 She chock'd, she bock'd, and cry'd, let me hang,  
 That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife this threescore of years,  
 And never did try the spinning o't;  
 But how I was farked, foul fa them that spears,  
 For it minds me of the beginning o't.  
 The women now a days are turn'd sae bra,  
 That ilk an maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,  
 But the world was better when feint an ava,  
 But a wie rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa them that e'er advis'd me to spin,  
 For it minds me of the beginning o't;  
 I might well have ended as I had begun,  
 And never had try'd the spinning o't:  
 But they say she's a wife wife wha kens her ain waird;  
 I thought ance a day, it wad never be speer'd,  
 How loot you the low tak the rock by the beard,  
 When you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,  
 When I think on the beginning o't;  
 I thought ance a day to have made a web,  
 And this was to hae been the beginning o't;  
 But had I nine daughters as I hae but three,  
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,  
 That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,  
 For fear of an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run  
 The dreary sad talk of the spinning o't,  
 Let them seek out a loun place at the heat of the sun,  
 Syn'e venture on the beginning o't:  
 For, O do as I done, alake and vow,  
 To bulk up a rock at the cheek of a low,  
 They'd say that I had little wit in my pow,  
 And as little I hae done wi' the spinning o't.

To the Tune of *Gently stir and blow the Fire.*

**W**HY, lovely charmer, tell me why,  
 So very kind, and yet so shy;  
 Why does that cold forbidding air,  
 Give damp of sorrow and despair,  
 Or why that smile my soul subdue,  
 And kindle up my flame and you.

In vain you strive, with all your art,  
 By turns to freeze and fire my heart;  
 When I behold a face so fair,  
 So sweet a look, so soft an air,  
 My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,  
 I cannot love thee less nor more.



To its own Tune..

**W**HEN gentle Parthenissa walks,  
 Sweetly smiles, and gayly talks,  
 A thousand shafts around her fly,  
 A thousand swains unheeded die.

If then she labours to be seen,  
 With all her killing air and mein;  
 From so much beauty, so much art,  
 What mortal can secure his heart.



**W**HEN fair Serena first I knew,  
 By friendship's happy union charm'd,  
 Incessant joys around her flew,  
 And gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.



But when with fond officious care,  
I prest to breathe my am'rous pain,  
Her lips spoke nought but cold despair,  
Her eyes shot ice thro' ev'ry vein.

Thus in Italia's lovely vales,  
The sun his genial vigour yields,  
Reviving heat each sense regales,  
And plenty crowns the smiling fields.

When nearer we approach his ray,  
On the Alps stupendous brow,  
Surpriz'd to see pale sun beams play,  
On everlasting hills of snow.



**T**O thee, O gentle Sleep, alone,  
Is owing all our peace,  
By thee our joys are heightned shown,  
By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,  
Some tyrant has possess'd,  
By thee obtaining a divorce,  
In her own choice is blest.

O stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,  
The sadly weeping fair  
Conjures thee not to lose one day,  
The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
That motion chas'd her sleep :  
Thus, by ourselves, is ofteneft wrought,  
The grief for which we weep.

**O**N the Ides of furly Leo,  
 Plowing o'er th'Atlantic main,  
 God-like Neptune in his chariot,  
 With his whole aquatic train;  
 Tritons, Nereids, Naids and Glaucus's,  
 Dolphins, and the finny crew,  
 Marching after him in triumph,  
 Near unto our vessel drew:

Waving his majestic trident,  
 Thro' a conch shell haul'd our ship:  
 What's the news in cloudy Albion?  
 Have you any punch or flip;  
 Rum or brandy, damn'd Mondungus?  
 Quick; let's have a swinging can,  
 For my goddess she is squeamish,  
 And she wants a cordial dram.

Then the bold and hardy master  
 Thro' a speaking trumpet spoke:  
 God of all the fluid regions,  
 Acts are past in Albion's court,  
 Rum and brandy, damn'd geneva,  
 They are all banish'd the land;  
 Now your goddess may go seek for't  
 On the drunken Belgick strand.

Death, hell, fire and fury,  
 Said the dreadful angry god,  
 Are your people all turn'd frantic?  
 Or have Lybian desarts trode?  
 Must your subjects all be ruin'd?  
 Shall the brave and hardy tar  
 Sail the ocean without liquor?  
 Or the foldier go to war?

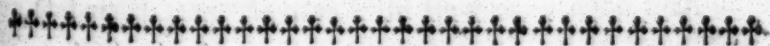
Can the fat and brawny clergy  
 Cant and whine, preach and pray?  
 Can the statesmen, with their roguery,  
 Fast and moisten at their clay?

Can the bawling lawyer quibble,  
Or exert his sophistry,  
Without muddling o'er a punch bowl,  
Their adored deity.

Farewel knaves, fools of all ranks,  
High, low, rich and poor ;  
Farewel knaves, pimps and panders,  
Noble and the common whore ;  
Farewel London cits, and tradesmen,  
Wit and folly, honesty :  
Now my honest hearted captain,  
Can't we have a can with thee.

Then the master spoke most boldly,  
If you're angry, you may go,  
For I have no can to give you,  
If I had, would not say no :  
Therefore don't think I'm afraid  
Of your monsters all around,  
They may caper through the water,  
I'll shift for my port where bound.

Thus the god in rage and fury  
O'er the foaming billows went,  
Shoals of whales and leviathans  
Liquid spouts to heaven sent.  
Come, says Will, let's splice the braces,  
Boys, let's have a swinging can,  
Drink to all accepted maçons,  
Not forgetting honest men.



To its own Tune.

BY the gayly sparkling glass  
We can see how minutes pass,

By

By the hollow cask we're told  
How the waining night grows old :  
Soon, too soon the busy day  
Drives us from our sports and play ;  
What have we with day to do ?  
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.



To the Tune of *Thursday in the morn.*

ON Tuesday morn, when o'er the briny depth  
November's ides in famous fifty nine,  
Brave gallant Hawke discern'd the haughty fleet,  
With streamers spread, pursue their bold design.  
All hands, all hands aloft, th'undaunted hero cries,  
Your British spirits raise, their Gallic force despise ;  
And, like yourselves, prove bold and true ;  
British tars fear not fears,  
Nor what France, with all her schemes, can do.

See Conflans' Guilded Sun now skims the waves,  
And all his fleet in bold defiance ride ;  
Shall Hawke refuse to meet th'insulting slaves,  
And ne'er attempt to humble all their pride ?  
Away such thoughts, away ; let's all exert our might,  
The signal give to fight, it is my sole delight,  
To make *Soleil* my vengeance feel :  
Bear me there, never fear,  
British tars alone have hearts of steel.

Nor less dismay'd see Conflans seeks his foe,  
And both with well fill'd canvass meet their fate;  
Conflans with thundering cannon gives the blow,  
And Hawke returns it with a force as great.  
The gallant sailors all aloft repeat their cheer,  
Regardless quite of fear, they boldly venture near,  
To end the great dispute in blood:  
Soon they fly; hark! we cry  
Huzza, huzza! Britannia rules the flood.



But ah! too soon the dusky night appears,  
 And winds and waves in high contention beat,  
 Whilst friend and foe alike for safety steers,  
 And angry Neptune scatters all the fleet :  
 One while from sands to rocks, to sands again they steer,  
 By fortune *de la guerre* at last, not here nor there,  
 But to bottom of the ocean run :  
 There they ly, others fly,  
 Whilst in flames appears the Royal Sun.



CHLOE blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,  
 And push'd me rudely from her ;  
 I call'd her perjur'd, faithless whore,  
 To talk to me of honour.

But when I rose and would be gone,  
 She cry'd, nay, whither go ye ?  
 Young Damon stay, we're now alone,  
 Do what you will with Chloe.



To its own Tune.

WHAT ails the poor shepherd ? why look you so  
 wan ?

So meagre your face, and so ghastly thy mein ?  
 Has any distemper infected your sheep ?  
 Or does lovely Phillis disturb your sweet sleep ?  
 That you should sit here by the shades and complain ;  
 What is it perplexes and troubles your brain ?

'Twas close by an elm where his pipe and crook hung,  
 Alas ! quoth the shepherd, the theme of my song

Is

Is since our old landlord is o'er the seas gone,  
 There's Hoghane and Moghan swears all is their own;  
 For our rents they are raised, our taxes increase,  
 And all is because we have ta'en a new lease.

Cheer up, honest shepherd, and calm your raged heart,  
 Gird your sword by your side, act a true British part;  
 Gird your sword by your side, throw your sheep crook  
 away,

Our landlord's a-coming, let's clear him the way:  
 See how this glass sparkles, 'tis from true British corn,  
 Here's his health, honest shepherd, and his speedy return.

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To the Tune of *Ann thou were my ain thing.*

**W**ERT thou but mine ain thing,  
 I would love thee, I would love thee;  
 Wert thou but mine ain thing  
 How dearly would I love thee.

As round the elm th' enamour'd vine  
 Delights, with wanton arms, to twine,  
 So I'd encircle thee in mine,  
 And show how much I love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

This earth my paradise should be;  
 I'd grasp a heaven of joys in thee,  
 For thou art all thy sex to me,  
 So fondly do I love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,  
 Amidst the clash of hostile arms,  
 I'd softly sink among thy charms,  
 And only live to love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Let

Let fortune drive me far away,  
Or make me fall to foes a prey,  
My flame for thee shall ne'er decay ;  
And dying I would love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.

Tho' I were numbred with the dead,  
My soul should hover round thy head :  
I may be turn'd a silent shade,  
But never cease to love thee.

Wert thou but, &c.



THE last time I came o'er the muir,  
I left my love behind me ;  
Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,  
When soft ideas mind me ?  
'Soon as the ruddy morn display'd  
The beaming day ensuing,  
I met betimes my lovely maid,  
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
Gazing and chafly sporting ;  
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,  
Till night spread her black curtain.  
I pitied all beneath the skies,  
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;  
In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,  
Where mortal steel may wound me ;  
Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
Where dangers may surround me :

N

Yet

Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter :  
 Since she excells in every place,  
 In her my love shall center.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,  
 She shall a lover find me ;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me :  
 Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom ;  
 There, while my being doth remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.



To its own Tune.

**O** Lovely maid, how dear's thy power ?  
 At once I love, at once adore ;  
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,  
 While softest love inspires my breast :  
 'This tender look, these eyes of mine,  
 Confess their am'rous master thine ;  
 These eyes with Strephon's passion play,  
 First makes me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,  
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine



Was never in another's power,  
 Was never pierc'd with love before ;  
 In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,  
 Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy.  
 And thus I've bound myself to love,  
 While bliss or misery can move.

O! should I ne'er possess thy charms,  
 Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms ;  
 Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,  
 Still would I love, love thee alone ;  
 But, like some discontented shade,  
 That wanders where its body's laid,  
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,  
 For ever exil'd from my fair.



To its own Tune.

SEE you Johny coming, quoth she,  
 See you Johny coming,  
 Wit his coat of hodding gray  
 And his dogie running :  
 See him coming o'er the lee,  
 And his dogie wi' him ;  
 Wi' his bonnet cock'd a-jee,  
 Fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,  
 And for a merk of mair fee, dinna stand wi' him.

What wad you do wi' him, hussie,  
 What wad you do wi' him,  
 For deill a breck's upo' his arse,  
 And ye ha' nane to gi' him.  
 I ha' twa coaties in my kest,  
 And ane of them I'll gi' him,  
 Then fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,  
 And for a merk of mair fee, dinna stand wi' him.

For he's a bonny tall young man,  
 And a well doing,  
 And a' the wark about the house  
 Gaes well on when I see him.  
 I'll spin a hesp of mair yarn,  
 Ev'ry day I see him.  
 Then see him, father, see him, quoth she,  
 And for a merk o' mair see dinna stand wi' him,

Will he work if I see him, quoth he,  
 Will he work if I see him?  
 He'll hand your plough, thresh in your barn,  
 And lie wi' me at e'en.  
 Then see him, father, see him, quoth she,  
 And for twa merks of mair see, for Lord's sake  
 stand nae wi' him.

But gin you winna see him, quoth she,  
 Gin you winna see him,  
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
 And I'll awa' wi' him.

If you'll stay I'll see him, quoth he,  
 If you'll stay I'll see him,  
 If he'll thresh in the barn all day,  
 Meikle gear I'll gie him.

Come awa' and see him, quoth she,  
 Come awa' and see him,  
 He shall thresh in your barn all day,  
 But lie wi' me at e'en.

Then I'll be kind to him, hussie,  
 I'll be kind to him;  
 If he thresh in my barn all day,  
 And lie wi' you, I'll loe him.

Come awa' till him, quoth she,  
 Come awa' till him,  
 A' that's within our pantry door  
 Shall a be got to fill him.

Come and let us do it, hussie,  
Come and let us do it,  
The best we ha' within the house  
He's ay be welcome to it.



To its own Tune.

**W**HENEVER, Chloe, I begin  
Your heart like mine to move,  
You tell me of that crying sin,  
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin  
That gave my Chloe birth?  
How can those joys but be divine,  
That form'd a heaven on earth?

To wed mankind the priest trapan'd,  
By some sly fallacy,  
To disobey God's great command,  
Increase and multiply.

You say that love's a crime, content,  
But this allow you must,  
More joys in heaven o'er one repents,  
Than over ninety just.

Then sin, dear girl, for mercy's sake  
Transgress and be forgiven;  
Bless me, and by repentance make  
A holiday in heaven.



To its own Tune.

**T**HERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end,  
She lov'd a drap of capie—O,  
And all the gear that e'er she got,  
She slipt it in her gabie—O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,  
 The wife had got a drapie—O,  
 And she had pish'd her coats so well,  
 She could not find the pattie—O.

But she away to her goodman,  
 They call'd him Tamie Lamie—O,  
 Go ben and fetch the cave to me,  
 That I may get a dramie—O.

Tamie was an honest man,  
 Himself he took a drapie—O,  
 It was not well out o'er his craig,  
 'Till she was on his tapie—O.

She paid him well, both back and sides,  
 And fair she creish'd his backie—O,  
 She made his skin baith blue and black,  
 And gar'd his shoulders crackie—O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,  
 And he has ta'en a pockie—O,  
 He put her in, baith head and tail,  
 And cast her o'er his backie—O.

The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,  
 The carle he was sae ackie—O,  
 To ilka wall that he came by,  
 He gar'd her head play knackie—O.

Goodman, I think you'll murder me,  
 My brains you out will knockie—O.  
 He gi'd her ay the other hitch,  
 Lie still, you Devil's buckie—O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,  
 O let me out, good Tamie—O;  
 Then he set her upon a stane,  
 And bid her pish a damie—O.

Then



Then Tamie took her aff the stane,  
 And put her in the pockie—O,  
 And when she did begin to spurn,  
 He lent her ay a knockie—O.

Away he went to the mill dam,  
 And there gave her a duckie—O,  
 And ilka cheill that had a stick,  
 Play'd thump upon her backie—O.

And when he took her hame again,  
 He did hing up the pockie—O,  
 At her bed-side, as I hear say,  
 Upon a little knagie—O.

And ilka day that she up-rose,  
 In naithing but her smockie—O,  
 So soon as she look'd o'er the bed,  
 She might behold the pockie—O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,  
 That have a drunken tutie—O,  
 Duck you your wives in time of year,  
 And I'll lend you the pockie—O.

The wife did live for nineteen years,  
 And was fu' fränk and cuthie—O,  
 And ever since she got the duck,  
 She never had a drouthie—O.

At last, the carling chanc'd to die,  
 And Tamie did her bury—O,  
 And for the public benefit,  
 He has gar'd print the curie—O.

And this he did her motto make;  
 Here lies an honest luckie---O,  
 Who never left the drinking trade,  
 Until she got a duckie---O.

To the Tune of *Good-night, and God be wi' you.*

**H**OW happy is he, whoever he be,  
That in his lifetime meets one true friend;  
Who cordially does sympathize  
In words, in action, heart and mind:  
My kind respects do not neglect,  
Altho' my wealth or 'state be small;  
With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,  
I beg the Lord be with you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,  
For time invites me for to move,  
On your poor servant lay commands,  
Who is ambitious of your love.  
Whose power and might, both day and night  
Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,  
To sun and moon gives course of light,  
Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,  
Your memory I'll not neglect;  
On that record I'll lay arrest,  
Hell's fury shall not alter it.  
All I desire of earthly blifs,  
Is to be freed from guilt or fraud;  
I hope my God will grant me this,  
Goodnight, and God be wi' you all.



To its own Tune.

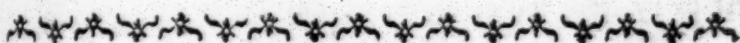
**I** FEED a flame within, which so torments me,  
That it both pains my heart, and yet contents me;  
'Tis such a pleasing pain, and I so love it,  
That I would rather die than once remove it.

But:

But he, for whom I mourn, shall never know it,  
My tongue shall ne'er betray, nor my eyes show it;  
Not a sigh, not a tear my pain discloses,  
But they fall silently, like dew on roses.

Thus to prevent my love from being cruel,  
My heart's the sacrifice, as 'tis the fewel;  
And, while I suffer thus to give him quiet,  
My faith rewards my love, tho' he denies't.

On his eyes will I gaze, and there delight me,  
While I conceal my love, no frown can fright me;  
To be more happy I dare not aspire,  
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.



To its own Tune.

**E**ARLY one morning, a jolly, brisk tar,  
Signal being made for sailing,  
Nimbly stept down, and told his dear,  
Who was of her loss bewailing,  
Orders are come, the ship is unmoor'd,  
The boat long-side is waiting;  
Haste away, Molly, you must away,  
Here is no time for prating.

Molly, with her arms around his neck,  
Look'd as if life had left her;  
So sad a word from her dear Jack,  
Quite of her speech bereft her.  
Seeing her face look too so pale,  
Jack laugh'd at th' silly creature,  
Till from her heart the blood began  
To brighten up ev'ry feature,

Molly,

Molly, my dear, since I must go,  
 Why such recoils at parting?  
 You may be happy, you very well know,  
 With other mens wives conforting.  
 Oh no! my dear, there's no such thing,  
 I ne'er will cease from crying;  
 For, perhaps, I may be merry and sing,  
 When you, by a shot, may lie dying.

No sooner she spoke, than Trinkil's call  
 All hands aloft did rattle;  
 Jack, with a frown, cries, 'zounds! dear Mall,  
 This is no time to prattle:  
 Get into the boat, the ship is away;]  
 Molly crept slowly over;  
 At ev'ry step, she cries, day! day!  
 Deep sighs did her fear discover.

Now, afar off, with wat'ry eyes,  
 She saw the ship a-failing;  
 Eager, she looks, and thus she cries,  
 Speech o'er her thoughts prevailing,  
 Ha! he is gone, gone is my dear,  
 Gone is my heart's desire;  
 O! may the bullets miss my dear Jack,  
 That is all I require.



To its own Tune.

**T**HE jolly bowl, that glads my soul,  
 The sparkling liquor cheers my heart;  
 I revel free from all controul,  
 'Tis that which improves ev'ry art.

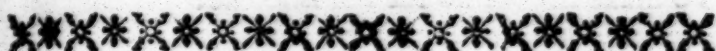
The miser may be pleas'd with gold;  
 The sparkling beau with pretty lass,  
 But I'm best pleas'd, when I behold  
 The liquor sparkling in the glass.

FILL



FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,  
 Large as my capacious soul;  
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have  
 Depth enough to be my grave;  
 I mean the grave of all my cares  
 For I resolve to bury'em there.

Let it of silver fashion be,  
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me,  
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,  
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,  
 As that bright cup, as that bright cup,  
 As that bright cup among the stars.



To its own Tune.

YOU'RE welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,  
 You're welcome to Paxton, Robin Adair,  
 How does Luke Gardner do, ay, and Johnie Macharil  
 too?

O! why did they not come with you, Robin Adair?

I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,  
 I will drink wine with you, Robin Adair,  
 I will drink wine with you, good rack and brandy too,  
 By my shoull I'll be drunk with you, Robin Adair.

Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,  
 Come, let us drink about, Robin Adair,  
 Come, let us drink about, and drink a hog'shead out,  
 O then we'll be drunk, no doubt, Robin Adair.

To

To its own Tune.

**Y**OUNG men that are courting of maids,  
 Be warn'd and advis'd by me;  
 Tho' small the experience I've had,  
 I'll give you good counsel, and free;  
 For women are changeable things,  
 And seldom one moment the same;  
 As time a variety brings,  
 In their looks new humour proclaims.

But he that in love would succeed,  
 And his mistress's favour obtain,  
 Must hold it as sure as his creed,  
 To make hay while the sun is serene:  
 There's a season to conquer the fair,  
 And that's when they're merry and gay;  
 To catch the occasion, take care,  
 In vain you'll have time to essay.

+++++

### *The Birks of Innermay.*

**T**HE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing;  
 And while they warble from each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay:  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day  
 Among the birks of Innermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear;  
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade:

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters please no more ;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Innermay.



*A Soldier's Song.*

**H**OW goes the glass round ?  
About you have no care, brave boys :  
How goes the glass round ?  
Let each with mirth abound,  
While the trumpet sounds :  
The colours you must bear, my boys,  
To fight, kill, wound,  
As you'd be found  
Content with your hard fate, my lads,  
On the cold ground.

Why soldiers, why  
Should you be melancholy, boys ?  
Why soldiers, why ?  
Whose business 'tis to die.  
What ! sigh ? O fy ;  
Drink round, hang care, be jolly, boys ;  
'Tis he, you, or I,  
Cold, hot, wet, dry,  
Our business is to fight, my boys,  
And scorn to fly.

'Tis all in vain,  
I mean not to upbraid you, boys ;  
'Tis all in vain  
For soldiers to complain ;  
For the next campaign  
Sends you to him who made you, boys,



Perhaps

Perhaps in pain ;  
But if you remain,  
A bottle and kind landlady  
Cures all again.



To its own Tune.

**S**INCE wedlock's in vogue, and state virgins despised,  
To all bachelors greeting these lines are premised;  
I'm a maid that would marry, ah ! could I but find  
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind,  
A man to my mind, a man to my mind,  
I care not for fortune, a man to my mind.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion and dress,  
Not the squire that can relish no joys but the chase ;  
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no moral can bind,  
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
The man to my mind, &c.

Not the ruby fac'd sot, who topos world without end,  
Nor the drone that can't relish his bottle and friend,  
Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's unkind ;  
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
The man to my mind, &c.

Not the rich with full bags, without breeding or merit,  
Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit,  
Nor the fine Mr. Fribble, the scorn of mankind ;  
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.  
The man to my mind, &c.

But the youth whom good sense and good nature inspire,  
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair must admire,  
b



In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd ;  
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind,  
 The man to my mind, the man to my mind,  
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.



**Y**OU good fellows all, who love to be told  
 Where there's claret, good store,  
 Attend to the call of one that's ne'er frighted,  
 But greatly delighted with six bottles more.  
 Be sure you don't pass the good house money glass,  
 Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;  
 'Twill well set your humour, for pray what would you  
 more,  
 Than mirth, with good claret, and bumper Squire  
 Jones ?

You poets who write, and brag of your drinking fam'd  
 Helicon's brook,  
 Whate'er you get by it, is a dinner oft times,  
 In reward for your rhymes,  
 With Humphry, the duke :  
 Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,  
 Forsake all the muses, these senseless old crones ;  
 Our gingling of glasses, your rhyming surpasses,  
 When call'd to good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

You soldiers so stout, with plenty of oaths,  
 Tho' no plenty of coin,  
 Who make such a rout of all your commanders  
 Who serv'd us in Flanders and Aik at the Boyne,  
 Pray leave off your rattling, of sieging and battling,  
 And know you had better to sleep in whole bones ;  
 Were you sent to Gibraltar, your notes would soon alter,  
 And wish for good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

You lovers who pine for lasses, that oft  
 Are as cruel as fair,

Who whimper and whine for lilies and roses, eyes, lips  
and noses,  
Or tip of an ear,  
Come here, and I'll show you how Phillis and Chloe  
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;  
What mortal so stupid as would not quit Cupid,  
When call'd to good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

You clergy so wise, who mysteries profound  
Can demonstrate clear,  
How worthy to rise, you preach once a week, yet tithes  
never seek  
Above once in the year;  
Come here, without failing, and leave off your railing  
'Gainst bishops providing for dull, stupid drones:  
Says the text so divine, what is mirth without wine,  
When call'd to good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

You lawyers so just, be the cause what it will,  
Who so learnedly plead,  
How worthy of trust you know black from white,  
Yet prefer wrong to right, as you chance to be see'd,  
Leave musty reports, forsake the king's courts,  
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones,  
Burn *Salkeld* and *Ventris*, and all your damn'd entries,  
And away to the claret and bumper Squire Jones.

You physical tribe, whose knowledge consists  
In hard words and grimace,  
Whate'er you prescribe have at your devotion,  
Pills, bolus or potion, be what will the case:  
Pray, where is the need to purge, blister or bleed,  
When ailing yourselves? the whole faculty owns  
The forms of old Galen are not so prevailing  
As mirth, with good claret, and bumper Squire Jones.

You fox-hunters ake, who follow the call  
Of the horn and the hound,

Who

Who your ladies forsake before they're awake,  
To beat up the brack where the vermin is found,  
Leave Piper and Blewman, Sheill, Dutchess and Trueman,  
No music is heard in such dissonant tones ;  
Would you ravish your ears with the sound of the spheres,  
Hark away to the claret and bumper Squire Jones.



FAREWEL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,  
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been ;  
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.  
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
And no for the dangers attending on weir,  
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.  
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me, my heart is sair pain'd,  
By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd.  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jéany, maun plead my excuse,  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favour I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my la's, to win honour and fame ;  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.



A MAN when he's drunk, he is void of all care,  
He fears neither quiver, no Parthian, no spear ;

No quiver, no Parthian will e'er make him yield,  
His bottle alone is his sword and his shield.

Undaunted he goes 'mongst bullies and whores,  
Demolishing windows, and breaks open doors ;  
He wanders all night, in fear of no evil,  
And boldly defies either proctor or devil.

One night I went out with my skin full of wine,  
Incumbred with neither care nor coin,  
I boldly confronted a horrible Don,  
And frightened, so soon as he saw me, he run.

O place me in India, under the line,  
Where grows not a rag, nor a tree but the vine ;  
O there would I choice to swatter and sweat,  
Without e'er a rag to fend off the heat.

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,  
Where winter-like cold doth eternally abound ;  
O there would I nought but my bottle require,  
My bottle shall warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor he jogs me, and lays me down rules,  
Who minds him but dull philosophical fools ?  
For when a man's old, and cannot more drink,  
'Tis time enough then to sit down and to think.

And thus Alexander was lectur'd in vain,  
Who call'd Aristotle a fool for his pains ;  
By drinking alone he got his renown,  
And when he was drunk, all the world was his own.

This world's a cellar of liquor well stor'd,  
And in it I've mind to be drunk as a lord ;  
My life for the reck'ning I freely would pay,  
Or when I am drunk, then I'll stagger away.



To the Tune of *Tweed-side*.

**T**HERE was a bonny wie ladie,  
 Was keeping a bonny whine sheep ;  
 There was a bonny wie lassie,  
 Was wading the water fae deep ;  
 Was wading the water fae deep,  
 And a little above her knee ;  
 The ladie cries unto the lassie,  
 Come down *Tweed-side* to me.

And when I gade down *Tweed-side*,  
 I heard, I dinna ken what,  
 I heard ae wife say t' anither,  
 Wallifou fa the cat ;  
 Wallifou fa the cat,  
 She's bred the house an wan ease,  
 She's open'd the am'ry door,  
 And eaten up a' the cheese.

She's eaten up a' the cheese,  
 O' the kebbuk she's no left a bit :  
 She's dung down the bit skate on the brace,  
 And 'tis fa'en in the sown kit ;  
 'Tis out o' the sown kit,  
 And 'tis into the maister can ;  
 It will be so fiery sa't,  
 'Twill poison our goodman.



**L**ET the tempest of war,  
 Be heard from afar,  
 And the trumpet's shrill clangor alarms ;  
 Let the vallies around,  
 With echo resound,  
 And a terrible clashing of arms.

Let rivers of blood,  
Run down in a flood,  
While mortals are gasping for breath;  
Let the brave, if they will,  
By honour and skill,  
Seek glory and conquest in death.

To live sole and retire,  
Is all my desire,  
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;  
For with them we obtain  
True peace without pain,  
And a lasting enjoyment of rest.

In a cottage or cell,  
Where shepherds do dwell,  
Such innocent freedom and ease;  
They live peaceable lives,  
That are blest with good wives,  
Who study their husbands to please.

What blessings below,  
Doth heaven bestow,  
Excelling such pleasure as this;  
Where no sorrow comes near,  
Nor grief interfere,  
To fully our measures of bliss.

Let the tempest of war, &c.



To the Tune of *Hey, ho, the Girdies o't.*

**I**N this happy year of sixty three,  
Hey, ho, the girdies o't,  
How blest this sea-girt isle shall be

Hey, ho, &c.

When Peace, with all her smiling train,  
With god-like George the third shall reign,  
And our absent friends return again.

Hey, ho, &c.  
From

From German wasted lands return'd, &c.  
Our soldiers brave with laurels crown'd, &c.  
From Portugal and India's plain,  
Where they beat the meddling sons of Spain,  
Whom each true Briton must disdain, &c.

The British flag salutes the skies, &c.  
On wings of fame our glories rise, &c.  
Our ships no more shall fright Monsieur,  
Our jovial sailors, void of care,  
Have none to conquer but the fair, &c.

Our Prince, with every virtue blest, &c.  
That ever warm'd the human breast, &c.  
Ourselves a people bold and free,  
That glory in in our liberty,  
What land of slaves can sing as we.  
Hey, ho, the girdies o't.



WELL met, dearest Phœbe, O! why in such haste?  
Both the woods and vallies all day I have trac'd  
In search of my fair one, now nothing remains,  
But she to reward me for a' my lost pains,  
But she to reward me for a' my lost pains.

Why, how now, bold Strephon! O! what do you  
mean?  
Should a damsel like me, but turn'd of nineteen,  
Be seen all alone with a man? I'm afraid,  
The world would think Phœbe no longer a maid, &c.

Let them think as they please, it shall prove all a fay,  
You are not alone, for bright Cynthia is bye;  
She will judge of our actions and drive away fear,  
No harm is intended to Phœbe, I swear, &c.

No,

No, no, subtle swain, you may say what you will,  
You may lie, swear and flatter, and try all your skill,  
Before I'll be couzen'd, I'd have you to know,  
I'll first die a virgin, so pray let me go, &c.

Dear Phœbe, such thought never came in my head,  
I meant but to know if to-morrow you'd wed;  
But, since you won't have me, I'll bid you adieu,  
And find out some other who'll be kinder than you, &c.

Stay, stay, gentle shepherd, a few moments stay,  
I'll venture to wed, if you mean as you say;  
Let to-morrow but come, and at church you shall find,  
That she you thought cruel, yet still can prove kind, &c.

Dear Phœbe, vouchsafe to accept of a boon,  
Make haste to expel the pale light of the moon;  
And, when thy bright eyes shall appear in the skies,  
With raptures we'll haste the dear nuptial ties,  
With raptures we'll haste the dear nuptial ties.



To the Tune of *To danton me.*

**W**HEN I think on this world's pelf,  
And see little o't I've got myself,  
I greet when I look on my threed-bare coat,  
O! the shame fa' the gear, and the bladry o't.

Johnie was the lad that held the plough,  
But now he's got gear and goud enough;  
Yet I ha' seen the day when he was nae worth a groat,  
May the shame fa' the gear and the bladry o't.

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,  
And now she gaes in her silken attire;  
It is not lang ago since she wore a plaiding coat,  
O! the shame fa' the gear, and the bladry o't.



But this world shall never danton me,  
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free ;  
For the girl that's sae inconstant is not worth a groat,  
May the Deill take the gear and the bladry o't.

\*\*\*

To its own Tune.

OF race divine thou needs must be,  
Since naething earthly equals thee ;  
For heaven's sake, O ! pity me,  
Wha only lives to love thee.  
Gin thou wert my ain thing,  
I wad love thee, I wad love thee ;  
Gin thou wert my ain thing,  
How dearly wad I love thee.

I wad take thee in my arms,  
I'd secure thee from all harms,  
Above a' mortals you hae charms,  
Sae dearly do I love thee.

Gin thou wert, &c.

The Gods one thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none wha they can save ;  
Then, for their sake, support a slave,  
Wha only lives to love thee.

Gin thou wert, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your sake,  
What man can name, I'll undertake,  
Sae dearly do I love thee.

Gin thou wert, &c.

My

My passion, constant as the sun,  
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er ha' done,  
 'Till fate my thread of life hath spun,  
 Which, breathing out, I'll love thee.  
 Gin thou wert, &c.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,  
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue;  
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,  
 And gar the Gods envy me.  
 Gin thou wert, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of sight,  
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
 Syne in fast whispers, thro' the night,  
 I'll tell how much I love thee.  
 Gin thou wert, &c.

How fair, how ruddy is my Jean?  
 She moves a goddess o'er the green;  
 Were I a king, you should be queen,  
 Nane but myself aboon thee.  
 Gin thou wert, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,  
 Whilst you, like ivy, or the vine,  
 Around my stronger limbs should twine,  
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.  
 Gin thou wert, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,  
 In shining youth let's make our hay,  
 For love admits of nae delay,  
 Sae let nae scorn undo thee.  
 Gin thou wert, &c.

While

While love does at the altar stand,  
 Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand,  
 And with ilk smile thou shalt command  
 The will of him who loves thee.  
 Gin thou wert my ain thing,  
 I wad love thee, I wad love thee;  
 Gin thou wert my ain thing,  
 How dearly wad I love thee.



To the Tune of *Robin cuth she*.

WHILST I alone your soul posselt,  
 And nane mair lo'ed your bosom prest,  
 Ye gods, what king like me was bleit,  
 When kind Jenny lo'ed me !  
 Hey, ho, &c.

Whilst you ador'd nae other fair,  
 Nor Kate with me your heart did share,  
 What queen with Jenny cou'd compare,  
 When kind Robin lo'ed me.  
 Hey, ho, &c.

Katie now delights my heart,  
 Katie sings with sae much art,  
 Whase life to save with mine I'd part,  
 If kind Katie lo'es me.  
 Hey, ho, &c.

Patie now delights mine eyes,  
 He with equal ardour dies,  
 Whase life to save I'd perish twice,  
 If kind Patie lo'es me.  
 Hey, ho, &c.

P

What

What if I Kate for thee disdain,  
And former love return again,  
To link us in the strongest chain?  
For kind Robin lo'es thee.

Hey, ho, &c.

Tho' Patie's kind as kind can be,  
And you mair stormy than the sea,  
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,  
If kind Robin lo'es me.

Hey, ho, &c.



To the Tune of *The Spinning Wheel*.

**A**S Neptune, with his watry train,  
Was lately tow'ring o'er the main,  
He met, upon a liquid way,  
A ship that bore a regal sway:  
The God demanded homage straight,  
Strike, strike, or soon you'll meet your fate;  
No, he replied, no Neptune, no,  
I rule the seas you well do know.

Alas! how vain's the pride you boast,  
Your subjects witness to their cost;  
For what avails your gaudy fleet,  
Since Spain secures what e'er she meets.  
And now, to show your title vain,  
That makes you ruler o'er the main,  
Wave but your scepter, I dare say,  
You'll not find one poor sprat obey.

Perhaps, at land you may have sway,  
But what has caus'd you here to stray?  
Some fierce campaign, or dreadful war,  
Has drove you thus from home so far.

Your



Your errand tell, to end all strife,  
 I ne'er lov'd vagrants in my life ;  
 He that commands one realm on shore,  
 And rules that well, needs mind no more.

The monarch paus'd, with high disdain,  
 And scarce his anger could contain ;  
 He seem'd to mind the god no more,  
 But bent his course towards the shore :  
 Then Neptune he his trident rear'd,  
 The depth he shook, all nature fear'd ;  
 Soon you shall know, vain boasting prince,  
 Not all your sail shall waft you hence.

The Tritons they began to play,  
 The foaming surges paint the sea,  
 The rains haste down, and Borcas too,  
 A furious south-west tempest blew :  
 The waves run high, the billows swell,  
 The royal fear no tongue can tell ;  
 Up mounts the ship and down again,  
 And almost crack'd her planks in twain.

O mercy, mercy, cries the prince,  
 I'll never more give you offence,  
 And if you'll freely pardon me,  
 My royal hat I'll give to thee.  
 Before he Neptune's mind did know,  
 He overboard his hat did throw :  
 No, says the god, and with disdain,  
 He kick'd his hat on board again.

Then Neptune, with a smiling face,  
 Beheld his rival's doleful case ;  
 At ev'ry toss he puk'd the wind,  
 And scarce could keep all safe behind ;  
 Dear Neptune, I your aid implore,  
 I never shall offend you more.  
 Well, says the god, I'll ease your pain,  
 But ne'er come errandless again.

To its own Tune.

**I** Once who was great, full little am grown,  
 A mimick of *multum in parva*,  
 I'm buried alive in a cluster of stone,  
 Some say, it is what I deserve—O:  
 In what they have said, there is somewhat of truth,  
 I have been a wild and extravagant youth,  
 Some hundreds I have spent upon Rachel and Ruth,  
 For which I am clapt up in limbo.

The song that I sing, it is absolute true,  
 Mark well my open devotion,  
 It is of myself, give the devil his due,  
 I hope I will make an impression  
 On the hard'ned hearts of prodigal bears.  
 Friends, let me tell you now, under the rose,  
 Those who you love best, they'll prove your worst foes,  
 If ever you get into limbo.

My father he left me five hundred a year,  
 My mother she left me her jointure;  
 But little of that from mortgage was clear,  
 Still I went to the bottle and pinter;  
 Still day after day to the tavern I went,  
 My land I sold off, all my money I spent;  
 My heart was so hard'ned it would not relent,  
 'Till once I was clapt up in limbo.

I kept me a brace of as delicate jades,  
 As ever brought nine pence to nothing;  
 I kept them as long as my credit would hold,  
 Together with meat, drink, and cloathing;  
 My creditors they for their debts would not stay,  
 But still haunted after me day after day,  
 And now they have cast me into jail, you will say,  
 To drink the cold water in limbo.

I used

Tus'd to rant, as if I could fly,  
 And strut like a crow in the gutter ;  
 Most people did call out, whene'er I past by,  
 There goes Master Fopling flutter.  
 Like top and top gallant I hoisted my sail,  
 With my fringed cravat, with wig and three tails ;  
 And now I am ready to gnaw my own nails,  
 Confin'd to a chamber in limbo.

And as I was lying one day on the straw,  
 Bewailing my woeful condition,  
 With hunger, my fingers was ready to gnaw,  
 I sigh'd, and brought forth this expression :  
 If I could but get the young whores to my hand,  
 To argue the case very long I'd not stand,  
 But thresh the young bitches as small as the sand,  
 I'd teach them to leave me in limbo.

I had an old uncle who liv'd in the west,  
 When he heard of my sad disaster,  
 Poor soul, his heart was never at rest ;  
 His sorrows came faster and faster ;  
 He came to the prison to see my sad case,  
 No sooner I saw him than I streight knew his face,  
 And on him stood gazing like one in amaze ;  
 I wish'd then to be out of limbo.

Said he, if I set thee once more on thy legs,  
 And put thee in credit and fashion,  
 D'ye think you can leave off Bridget and Peg ?  
 And can you now bridle your passion ?  
 Believe me, dear uncle, if ever they come  
 To tempt me to sin, as before they have done,  
 Odds wounds, I will foundly belabour their bums ;  
 I'll teach them to leave me in limbo.

He threw me a purse of five hundred pounds,  
 Which was all told me into guineas ;  
 Receiving the same, return'd him thanks,  
 Then I went to see Betty and Jenny ;

I went in my rags, they knew not of my gold,  
 They turn'd me out in the rain and the cold ;  
 You'd laugh to see how the bitches did scold,  
 And laugh'd at my lying in limbo.

I pull'd out my purse of five hundred pounds,  
 I pour'd them out on the table ;  
 This glitt'ring sight they no sooner beheld,  
 Than they began to snigle and gingle ;  
 And turning me round, would sit in my lap,  
 And smerking and laughing, my cheeks they would clap ;  
 I told them that I would have no more of that,  
 It was it that brought me to limbo.

They had no sooner got a sight of my gold,  
 Than my pockets they straight fell a picking ;  
 I beat them so long as my cane would hold,  
 And then fell to cuffing and kicking :  
 Some call'd out murder, while others did scold,  
 But I was not able my hands for to hold,  
 I threshed their bodies for the good of their souls,  
 And taught them to leave me in limbo.

Come all you young gallants, take care what I say,  
 I'd have you take warning by me, boys,  
 That little you have you don't make it away,  
 For fear you be served as I was ;  
 They'll kiss you and bless you, with many fine tale ;  
 So soon as your money begins for to fail,  
 They'll be the first that will pack you to jail ;  
 Take care that you keep out of limbo.



To the Tune of *Gilder Roy*.

**A**H! Cloris, could I now but sit  
 As unconcern'd, as when

Your



Your infant-beauty could beget  
 No happiness nor pain.  
 When I this dawning did admire,  
 And prais'd the coming day,  
 I little thought that rising fire  
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,  
 As metals in a mine.  
 Age from no face takes more away,  
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.  
 But as your charms insensibly  
 To their perfection prest :  
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,  
 And center'd in my breast

My passion with your beauty grew,  
 While Cupid at my heart,  
 Still as his mother favour'd you,  
 Threw a new flaming dart,  
 Each gloried in their wanton part ;  
 To make a lover, he  
 Employ'd the utmost of his art ;  
 To make a beauty, she.



To its own Tune.

I AM a young lad,  
 My fortune is bad ;  
 If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder :  
 I've spent all my means  
 'Mongst whores, bawds and queans :  
 And I've got a commission to plunder :  
 With a fall, &c.

I have stockings, tis true,  
 But the devil a shoe,

I'm

I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather ;  
I've broke the spur roll,  
Be damn'd the boot sole,  
Confounded be the upper leather.

With a fall, &c.

My blue fustian breeches  
Are tore in the stitches,  
My legs you may see what's between them ;  
My pockets all four,  
I'm a son of a-whore  
If ever a farthing be in them.

With a fall, &c.

The shirt I have on  
So black it is grown,  
'Tis coloured much like a cinder ;  
'Tis so thin and so fine,  
That it is my design  
To present it to the mules for tinder.

With a fall, &c.

As true as I live  
I have but one sleeve,  
That serves in the place of a cravat ;  
In that sad plight  
I wait an estate,  
But the devil knows when I shall have it.

With a fall, &c.

The coat I have on  
Is very much torn,  
'Tis wore out at the armpits and elbows,  
I look as absurd  
As a failor on board,  
That has lain seven months in the bilbos.

With a fall, &c.

I have an old hat  
Both greasy and fat,

Remarks.

Remarkable 'tis for its shining;  
The hind cocks bound up  
With a button and loup,  
But the devil a bit of a lining.

With a fall, &c.

My beard it is long  
Like hog's bristles, and strong,  
Which the girls do wond'rously stare at;  
The colour is grey,  
Mix'd with yellow and whey,  
And a little small spice of the carrot,

With a fall, &c.

I have an old sword,  
You may take't on my word,  
'Tis made of the steel so trusty;  
The handle is bound  
With a ribbon so sound,  
But the blade is turn'd damnable rusty.

With a fall, &c.

O had you but seen  
The sad case I was in,  
There was scarce such a poor man in twenty,  
For nothing was full  
But my shirt and my skull,  
For my guts and my pockets were empty.

With a fall, &c.

I'm cloathed in rags,  
Not loaded with bags,  
I'm not afraid thieves will surround me,  
And when I am gone,  
You may write on my tomb,  
I left the world just as it found me.

With a fall, &c.

SEE

To its own Tune.

SEE Belinda, fair as morning,  
With her flying step advance,  
And, Diana-like, adorning  
The gay mazes of the dance.

Her each attitude how charming,  
With what grace she swims around  
Sweetly ev'ry sense alarming,  
All are in her fetters bound.

Her enchanting form surveying,  
We a thousand beauties trace,  
Bands of little Cupids playing,  
Dart new lustre o'er her face.

Happy who, the nymph possessing,  
On her bosom fondly sighs ;  
Were she mine, how vast the blessing,  
Kings might envy such a prize.



FILL the bowl with streams of pleasure,  
Such as Gallia's vintage boast,  
These are tides that bring us treasure,  
Love and friendship be the toast.  
First our mistresses approving  
With bright beauty crown the glass ;  
He that is too dull for loving,  
Must in friendship be an ass.

Pylades is with Orestes  
Said to have one common soul ;  
But the meaning of the jest is  
In the bottom of the bowl.





Plow you hill, plow you dale,  
 Plow you faugh or fallow ;  
 He that winna drink the plowman's health,  
 He's but a dirty fellow.



**Y**OUNG Colin was the bonniest swain  
 That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,  
 Or danc'd upon the lee ;  
 The wanton kid, with gladsome bound,  
 That frolics o'er the turfy ground,  
 Was ne'er so blyth as he.

Beneath the oak in yonder dale,  
 You'd think you heard the nightingale,  
 Whene'er he rais'd his voice :  
 But ah ! the swain was all deceit,  
 His vows, his oaths was all a cheat,  
 And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung in willow groves,  
 Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves ;  
 Here Jenny told her woes,  
 And Maggy's tears increas'd the brook,  
 Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,  
 That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,  
 So shall no swain your hopes deceive,  
 And leave you to despair :  
 Ere he disclose his fickle mind,  
 Change first yourselves ; for ah ! you'll find  
 False Colins ev'ry where

To its own Tune.

**A**SSIST me, every tuneful bard,  
 Oh ! lend me all your skill  
 In choicest lays, that I may praise  
 Dear Nanny of the hill,  
 Sweet Nanny, dear Nanny,  
 Sweet Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn  
 That gilds the crystal rill ;  
 But far more bright than morning light  
 Shines Nanny of the hill,  
 Dear Nanny, shines Nanny,  
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

The gayest flower, so fair of late,  
 The ev'ning damps will kill ;  
 But ev'ry day more fresh and gay  
 Blooms Nanny of the hill,  
 Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny,  
 Sweet Nanny of the hill.

Old Time arrests his rapid flight,  
 And keeps his motion still,  
 Resolv'd to spare a face so fair  
 As Nanny of the hill,  
 Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny,  
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

To form my charmer, nature has  
 Exerted all her skill,  
 With beauty, truth, and rosy youth  
 Deck'd Nanny of the hill,  
 Deck'd Nanny, sweet Nanny,  
 Dear Nanny of the hill.

Q

And

And now around the festive board  
 They jovial bumpers fill ;  
 Each takes his glass to my dear lass,  
 Sweet Nanny of the hill,  
 Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny,  
 Dear Nanny of the hill.



To the Tune of *The Flowers of the Forest.*

**A** DIEU ! ye streams that smoothly flow,  
 Ye vernal airs that softly blow,  
 Ye plains by blooming Spring array'd,  
 Ye birds that warble thro' the glade :  
 Unhurt, from you my soul could fly,  
 Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh ;  
 But, forc'd from Celiā's smiles to part,  
 All joy deserts my drooping heart.

O ! fairer than the rosy morn,  
 When flowers the dewy fields adorn ;  
 Unfullied as the genial ray,  
 That warms the gentle breeze of May ;  
 Thy charms divinely sweet appear,  
 And add new splendour to the year ;  
 Improve the day with fresh delight,  
 And gild with joy the dreary night.



To the Tune of *A Cocker there was, &c.*

**A** BARBER I am, not ashamed of my trade,  
 By shaving a fortune is easily made ;  
 From the king on his throne, to the cobbler in's stall,  
 The principal point is, shave well, and shave all.

'Tis



'Tis true, I'm bewhit'ned and powder'd all o'er,  
 No fop in the land can be well powder'd more ;  
 And soon as I enter a gentleman's hall,  
 The principal point is, shave well, and shave all.

My wife, like all ladies, is given to scold,  
 I'd fain contradict her, could I be so bold ;  
 And as soon as she sets in to wrangle and brawl, ]  
 I take up my bason, and bid her shave all.

That most men act like me, is certain and sure,  
 The rich ones are shavers, as well as the poor ;  
 But close is the word, from the cot to the mall,  
 The principal point is, shave well, and shave all.

The courtier and patriot both take special care,  
 To trim all mankind, like myself, to a hair ;  
 For king, and their country, they loudly will bawl,  
 But the principal point is, shave well, and shave all.

Amongst all my neighbours I'm thought a good soul,  
 Tho' hard are the times, still I keep out my pole ;  
 My razor is sharp, tho' my wit it is small,  
 And I, like the world, must shave well, to shave all.



To the Tune of *When I was a young Lad.*

**S**TAND round, my brave boys, let us sing and rejoice,  
 We dread neither danger, nor scars ;  
 Cape Breton's our own, as sure as a gun,  
 And Boscawen's the bravest of tars.

While the sea ran so high, we could hardly get nigh,  
 And the surf made a terrible roar ;  
 We determin'd to land, tho' oppos'd from the strand,  
 And we boldly went bump upon shore.

Soon their light-house we took, and their colours we  
struck,

And our red English cross on it height'ned;  
From their bat'ries they run, British vengeance to shun,  
For the monsieurs were damnably fright'ned.

Sacre Dieu! they roar'd out, we're all ruin'd, no doubt;  
Not a Saint would afford them relief:  
And how should soup-maigre enable a bougar  
To fight like the sons of roast beef.

Three ships of the line strove to baulk our designs,  
But into the harbour we row'd;  
We damn'd their hot matches, soon clapt down their  
hatches,  
Burnt one, and out th'other we tow'd.

Then the gouverneur sent, to surrender content,  
To save from destruction the town;  
What he ask'd us we granted, we had what we wanted,  
And Louisburgh all was our own.

I never could laugh at a show so by half,  
As to see their lank soldiers and sailors;  
By Jove, my friend Will, I thought then, and think still,  
They were nothing but journeymen taylors.

Such glorious success, all our wrongs must redress,  
And the French on their marrow-bones bring:  
Now let's have a dance, with our partners advance,  
And so God bless great George our good king.



To the Tune of *Tweed-side*.

**T**HOU' cruel you seem to my pain,  
And hate me because I am true;  
Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,  
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,  
To me what a heaven 'twould be ;  
To him but a woman you seem,  
But, ah ! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,  
To them I for ever could grow ;  
Still clinging around that dear waist,  
Which he spans as beside him you go :  
That arm like a lily so white,  
Which over his shoulders you lay,  
My bosom could warm it all night,  
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,  
Were the graces my subjects to be,  
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,  
To dwell in a cottage with thee.  
But, if I must feel thy disdain,  
If tears cannot cruelly drown,  
O ! let me not leave in this pain,  
But give me my death in a frown.



To the Tune of *The Braes of Balandyne*.

**F**OR ever, fortune, wilt thou prove,  
An unrelenting foe to love ;  
And when we meet, a mutual heart  
Come in between, and bid us part ;  
Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
And wish and wish the soul away ;  
'Till youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the life of life is gone.

But busy, busy still art thou,  
To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;





*The Tippet.*

To the Tune of *Down the Burn Davie.*

IN low'ring clouds the day was drest,  
The wintry tempest blew,  
When Fanny o'er her snowy breast,  
A sable tippet threw.

Then Cupid thus said, naked I  
must bear the piercing wind,  
Beneath the tippet let me lie,  
And kindly shelter find.

That trifling favour shall be thine,  
The pitying maid reply'd,  
But first that useless bow resign,  
And lay those darts aside.

The joyful God, with eager haste,  
The graceful fair obey'd,  
And on her soft delicious breast  
His shiv'ring limbs he laid.

At length I taste a joy sincere,  
Cry'd out the happy God,  
O! let me, living ever here,  
Maintain this blest abode.

But soon he felt more piercing cold  
Than e'er before he knew;  
And, forc'd to quit his heavenly hold,  
He strait to Paphos flew.

*A Minuet Tune.*

THE mid-day of life is for pleasure,  
For singing, for dancing and show,  
Then why will you waste such a treasure,  
In sighing and crying,—Higho!

Let's

Let's copy the birds in the meadows,  
By these tune your pipe when 'tis low;  
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,  
And never sit, crying—Higho!

Tho' when in the arms of a lover  
It sometimes may happen, I know,  
That ere all the toying is over,  
We cannot help crying,—Higho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes,  
I find to my sorrow 'tis so;  
When old, you may cry 'till your heart akes,  
But no one will mind your—Higho!



To its own Tune.

**T**HE sweet rosy morn peeps over the hills,  
With blushes adorning the meadows and fields;  
The merry, merry, merry horn, calls, come, come away,  
Awake from your slumbers, and hail the new day.  
The merry, merry, &c.

The stag, rous'd before us, away seems to fly,  
And pants to the chorus of hounds in full cry;  
Then follow, follow, follow the musical chase,  
When pleasure and vigorous health you embrace.  
Then follow, follow, &c.

The day sport when over, makes th' blood circle right,  
And gives the brisk lover fresh charms for the night:  
Then let us now enjoy all we can while we may,  
Let love crown the night, as our sports crown the day.  
Then let us now enjoy, &c.

To

To the Tune of *Gilliecrankie*.

GO virgin-kid with lambent kiss,  
Salute a virgin's hand ;  
Go, senseless thing, and reap a bliss  
Thou canst not understand.

Go, for methinks in thee I find,  
Tho' 'tis not half so bright,  
An emblem of her beauteous mind,  
By nature clad in white.

Securely thou may'st touch the fair,  
Whom few securely can,  
May'st press her breast, her lips, her hair,  
And wanton with her fan.

Mayest coach with her to and fro,  
From masquerades to plays ;  
O! could'st thou hither come and go,  
To tell me what she says.

Go, kid, and when the morning's cold  
Shall nip her lily-arm,  
Do thou (O! might I be so bold,)  
With kisses make it warm.

And when thy glossy beauty's o'er,  
And all thy charms are gone,  
Return to me, I'll love thee more  
Than e'er I yet have done.



To the Tune of *She rose and loot me in*.

WHEN night the silent sable wore,  
And gloomy were the skies,  
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more  
Than those in Nelly's eyes.

I knock'd at her father's yate,  
 Where I had often been;  
 I begg'd my fair, my lovely dame,  
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accent all divine,  
 Did my fond suit reprove;  
 And while she chid my rash design,  
 She but inflam'd my love.  
 Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,  
 While her bright eyes did roll,  
 But virtue only had the power  
 To charm my very soul.

Then who could cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part;  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart:  
 My eager fondness I obey'd,  
 Resolv'd she should be mine;  
 Then Hymen to my arms convey'd  
 My treasure all divine.

Now, happy in my Nelly's love,  
 Transporting is my joy,  
 No greater blessing can approve,  
 So blest'd a man am I.  
 For beauty may a while retain  
 The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,  
 But virtue only is the chain  
 Holds never to depart.



**H**OW hard is the fate of all womankind,  
 For ever subjected, for ever confin'd,  
 Our parents controul us until we are wives,  
 And our husbands enslave us the rest of our lives.



If fondly we love, we dare not reveal,  
 In secret we languish, compell'd to conceal,  
 Deny'd ev'ry freedom of life to enjoy,  
 We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

If fortunes we have, then we must be join'd  
 To the man that is by our parents design'd;  
 Compell'd for to wed the man we never see,  
 No matter whether handsome or ugly he be.  
 More happy is that couple that lives uncontroul'd,  
 Who marries for love, and despises the gold.



**I**N days of old, as poets tell,  
 When Orpheus went down to hell  
 To seek his wife, nor could he guess  
 To find her in a likelier place.  
 Down he went singing, as they say,  
 And trolling ballads all the way;  
 No wonder that —, the reason's clear,  
 For then he was a widower.

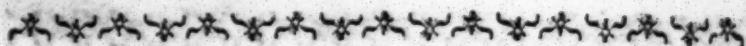
Timber and stones with speed did fly  
 After his noble harmony;  
 The self same thing I've seen befall  
 The most woeful scraper of 'em all.  
 To hell he came, and told his case,  
 Torment and pain strait quit the place:  
 Each friend was happy, when compar'd  
 With such a wretched wedded bard.

Pluto with his request comply'd,  
 But him to these conditions ty'd,  
 That he should take, but not look on her,  
 Both hard commands to a man of honour.  
 So on the loving couple went,  
 He led her up the steep ascent;

And

And when the man does downward stray,  
The woman always leads the way.

The fond wretch turn'd his head too soon,  
If 'twas on purpose, 'twas well done;  
But, if by chance, a hit indeed,  
That did beyond his hopes succeed.  
Happy the married wight, that e'er  
Does come to be a widower;  
But twice of one wife to get free,  
Is luck in its extremity.



WHEN fairies dance round on the grafs,  
Who revel all night in a round,  
Then say, will you meet me, sweet las,  
Alone, by the light of the moon?

Then say, &c.

First swear you will never deceive  
The las you have conquer'd so soon,  
Nor leave a lost maiden to grieve,  
Alone by the light of the moon.

Nor leave, &c.

I swear to be constant and true,  
Nor would I be false for a crown:  
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,  
Alone by the light of the moon.

I'll meet, &c.

The nightingale parch'd on the thorn,  
Enchants ev'ry ear with her song,  
And is glad on the absence of morn,  
To salute the pale light of the moon.

And is, &c.

How

How sweet is the jessamin grove !  
 How sweet are the roses in June !  
 More sweet is the language of love,  
 Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.  
 More sweet, &c.



A MASON's daughter fair and young,  
 The pride of all the virgin-throng,  
 Thus to her lover said :

Tho', Damon, I your flame approve,  
 Your actions praise, your person love,  
 Yet still I'll live a maid.

None shall unty my virgin-zone,  
 But one to whom the secret's known  
 Of sam'd free masonry ;  
 In which the great and good combine,  
 To raise with gen'rous design  
 Man to felicity.

The lodge excludes the fop and fool,  
 The plodding knave, and party-tool,  
 That liberty would sell.  
 The noble, faithful, and the brave,  
 No golden charms can e'er receive,  
 In slavery to dwell.

This said, he bow'd, and went away ;  
 Apply'd, was made without delay ;  
 Return'd to her again.  
 The fair one granted his request ;  
 Connubial joys their days have blest,  
 And may they e'er remain.

*The too curious Bee.*

**A**S Celia in her garden stray'd,  
Secure, nor dream'd of harm,  
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,  
And rested on her arm.

The curious insect thither flew,  
To taste the tempting bloom ;  
But, with a thousand sweets in view,  
It found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd  
The darling little thing,  
But first the snowy arm receiv'd,  
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,  
Once be injurious found ;  
Not so the darts of Celia's eyes,  
They never cease to wound.

Oh ! could the short-liv'd burning smart  
The nymph to pity move,  
And teach her to regard the heart  
She fires with endless love.



*Beauty's Power.*

**N**ATURE for defence affords  
Fins to fish, and wings to birds,  
Hoofs to horses, claws to bears,  
Swiftness to the tim'rous hares.

Man's endow'd with art and sense :  
What have women for defence ?



Beauty is their shield and arms ;  
Women's weapons are their charms.

Beauty's power makes us feel  
Deeper wounds than those of steel ;  
Strength and wit before it fall,  
Beauty triumphs over all.



**B**USY, curious, thirsty fly,  
Drink with me, and drink as I ;  
Freely welcome to my cup,  
Could thou sip, and sip it up ;  
Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short, and wears away,  
Life is short, &c.

Both alike are thine and mine,  
Hast'ning quick to their decline ;  
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,  
Tho' repeated to threescore :  
Threescore years, when they're gone,  
Will appear as short as one,  
Will appear, &c.



*In the Opera of Rosamond.*

**I**F 'tis joy to wound a lover,  
How much more to give him ease,  
When his passion we discover,  
O ! how pleasing 'tis to please.

This is doubly to enchant him,  
Makes him proud to be a slave ;  
What can more our worth inform him,  
Than to heal the wounds we gave.



Behind the door stands all my score,  
One pair heels is worth two pair hands, Sir ;  
Then nothing do I pay, but I run away,  
And there's your swagg ring man, Sir.

These seven long years I've play'd my pranks,  
Amongst all sorts of good fellows,  
And now I fear 'twill be my fate,  
To die upon the gallows :  
From Newgate when I come, how they halloo and run,  
In a crowd as I pass along, Sir ;  
As at Holborn I pass by, 'tis their continual cry,  
There goes the swaggering man, Sir.

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**B**EHOOLD in a lodge we dear brethren are met,  
And in proper order together are set ;  
Our secrets to none but ourselves shall be known,  
Our actions to none but free masons be shown.  
Derry down, down,  
Down, derry down.

Let brotherly love be among us reviv'd ;  
Let's stand by our laws, that are wisely contriv'd ;  
And then all the glorious creation shall see,  
That none are so loving, so friendly as we,  
Derry down, &c.

The temple, and many magnificent pile,  
Ev'n buildings now standing within our own isle,  
With wisdom contriv'd, with beauty refin'd,  
With strength to support, and the building to bind ;  
Derry down, &c.

These noble grand structures will always proclaim  
What honour is due to a free mason's name :

Ev'n ages to come, when our work they do see,  
Will strive with each other like us to be free.

Derry down, &c.

What tho' some of late, by their spleen, plainly show  
They fain would deride what they gladly would know?  
Let ev'ry true brother these vermin despise,  
And the ancient grand secret keep back from their eyes.

Derry down, &c.

Then, brethren, let's all put our hand to our heart,  
And resolve from true masonry ne'er to depart :  
And when the last trumpet on earth shall descend,  
Our lodge will be clos'd; and our secret shall end.

Derry down, &c.



To its own Tune.

ONCE I was blind and could not see,  
All things were dark me 'round,  
'Till providence provided me,  
Then soon a friend I found :  
Thro' hidden paths my friend me led  
Such paths as babblers never tread.

With a fall, &c.

He took all stumbling blocks away,  
That I might walk secure,  
And brought me, long ere break of day,  
To Sol's great temple door ;  
Where there we both admittance found,  
By help of magic spell and sound.

With a fall, &c.

But the curber of my rash attempt  
Did then my breast alarm,  
And hinted I was not exempt,  
Nor free from double harm ;



Which put a stop to rising pride,  
And made me trust more to my guide.

With a fall, &c.

In sober pace then I was led,  
And brought to Sol's great throne,  
Where I obliged was to stop,  
'Till I myself made known;  
With hideous noise then I was brought,  
For to obtain that which I sought.

With a fall, &c.

In humble posture, and due form  
I list'ned with good will;  
Instead of all this mighty storm,  
All things were calm and still.  
Such chearing sounds then I did hear,  
As did expel all doubts and fears.

With a fall, &c.

Then the mighty monarch, from his throne,  
Bid darkness quite withdraw;  
No sooner said, than it was done,  
Then wond'rous things I saw;  
But what they are I now can't tell,  
But such they are as here shall dwell.

With a fall, &c.

Then round and round me he did tie  
A noble ancient charm,  
All future darkness to defy,  
And ward off Cowan's harm.  
Then I return from whence I came,  
Not what I was, but what I am.

With a fall, &c.

To

To the Tune of *Fye let us a to the Wedding.*

**K**ING Solomon, that wise projector,  
In masonry took great delight;  
And Hiram, who lov'd architecture,  
Their actions shall ever shine bright:  
From the hearts of all true honest masons,  
There's none can their secrets remove;  
Their tenets are justice, morality,  
Friendship and brotherly love.

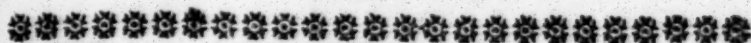
We meet like true friends on the level,  
We lovingly part on the square,  
We likewise esteem king or beggar,  
So far's they'll prove honest and fair;  
We hate all ungenerous actions,  
For masons are true and sincere,  
They live within bounds of the compass,  
By rules that are honest and fair.

We exclude all talkative fellows,  
Who babble and prat out of wit,  
They ne'er shall come into our secrets,  
For they're neither worthy nor fit:  
But a friend, being well recommended,  
And who will prove honest and true,  
Our lodge we will tile, and prepare him,  
Like masons our work we'll pursue.



Success to all accepted masons,  
There's none can their honour pull down,  
For e'er since the glorious creation,  
The craft's been still held in renown.  
When Adam was king of all nations,  
He formed a plan you'll perceive,  
He rear'd up a neat habitation,  
For him and his companion Eve.

Like an arch, well cemented together,  
 We masons do firmly stand,  
 We lovingly drink to each brother,  
 With plumb, line and level in hand:  
 'Till the world is consumed by fire,  
 And judgment has past on us all,  
 They ne'er shall come into our secrets,  
 Nor we from free masonry fall.



**B**LYTH, blyth, blyth was she,  
 Blyth was the but and ben;  
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,  
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.

She took me in, and set me down,  
 And heght to keep me lawing-free;  
 But, cunning carling that she was,  
 She gar'd me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough,  
 But, waes my heart, my cash was done  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the niest chappin new begun,  
 In started, to heez up our hope,  
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,  
 With girdle cakes, well toasted brown;  
 Well does the canny kimmer ken  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.

We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bum;  
 And sy the cleanest drinker out  
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,  
And as I in his oxter sat,  
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,  
And mony a fappy kiss I gat.

I hae been east, I hae been west,  
I hae been far ayond the sun;  
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
Was Andro with his cutty ~~gun~~.



**H**EARKEN, and I will tell you how  
Young muirland Willie came to woo;  
Tho' he could neither say nor do,  
The truth I tell to you.  
But ay he cries, whate'er betide,  
Maggy I'll hae to be my bride.

With a fall, dall, &c.

On his gray vade he did ride,  
With durk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir.  
Till he came to her dady's door.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within?  
I'm come your doghter's love to win,  
I care na for making meikle din,  
What answer gi' ye me?  
Now wooer, quoth he, wad ye light down,  
I'll gi' ye my doghter's love to win.

Now, wooer, sin' ye're lighted down,  
Where do ye win, or in what town?  
I think my doghter winna gloom  
On sic a lad as ye.  
The wooer slept up to the house,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.



I have three owfen in a plough,  
 Twa good ga'en yades, and gear enough,  
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh,  
 I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides, I hae frae the great laird,  
 A peat pat, and a lang kail yard.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,  
 She was the brawest in a' the town;  
 I wat on him she did na gloom,  
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,  
 And gript her hard about the waist.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,  
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear,  
 And for mysell you need na fear,  
 Troth try me whan ye like,  
 He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his chew,  
 He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' la',  
 She had na will to say him na,  
 But to her dady she left it a',  
 As they twa cou'd agree.  
 The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,  
 Sync ran to her dady and tell'd him this :

Your doghter wad na say me na,  
 But to yoursell she has left it a',  
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa,  
 Say, what'll ye gie me wi' her?  
 Now, wader, quo' he, I hae na meikle,  
 But sic's I hae, ye's get a pickle.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gie to thee,  
 Three founs of sheep, twa good milk kye;  
 Ye's hae the wedding dinner free,  
 Troth I dow do nae mair.

Content,

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,  
I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't.

The bridal day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;  
But sicken a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.  
This winsome couple straked hands,  
Moss John ty'd up the marriage bands.

And our bride's maidens were na few,  
Wi' tap-knot's, lug-knots a' in blue,  
Frae tap to tae they were bra' new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.  
Their toys and mutches were fae clean,  
They glanced in our lasses een.

Sic hirdam, dirdum, and sic din,  
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;  
The minstrels they did never blin,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.  
And ay they bobbit, and ay they beckt,  
And ay their wames together met.



**O**N, on, my dear brethren, pursue the great lecture,  
And refine on the rules of old architecture;  
High honour to masons the craft daily brings,  
Those brothers of princes, and fellows of kings.  
We drove the rude Vandals and Goths off the stage,  
And reviv'd the old arts of Augustus' fam'd age:  
Vespasian destroy'd the vast temple in vain,  
Since so many now rise under —'s great reign.  
Vespasian destroy'd, &c.

The noble FIVE ORDERS, compos'd with such art,  
Shall amaze the swift-eye, and engage the whole heart:  
Proportion,

Proportion, sweet harmony, gracing the whole,  
 Give our work, like the glorious creation, a soul.  
 Then, master and brethren, preserve your great name,  
 This Lodge, so majestic, shall purchase you fame;  
 Rever'd, it shall stand 'till all nature expire,  
 And its glories ne'er fade, 'till the world's on fire.  
 Rever'd it shall stand, &c.

See, see, behold here what rewards all our toil,  
 Inspires our genius, and makes nature smile;  
 To our noble Grand Master let a bumper be crown'd,  
 To all masons a bumper, so let it go round.  
 Again, my lov'd brethren, again let it pass,  
 Our ancient, firm union cements with a glass;  
 That all the contention 'mong masons may be,  
 Who better can work, or who better agree.  
 That all the contention, &c.



To the Tune of *Had awa' frae me, Donald.*

H E.

O COME awa', come awa',  
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny;  
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane,  
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.  
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find  
 That ought shall alter me, Jenny,  
 For you're the mistress of my mind,  
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,  
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;  
 But now, alas! you act a part  
 That speaks inconstancy, Jenny.  
 Inconstancy is sic a vice,  
 'Tis not besitting thee, Jenny;  
 It suits not with your virtue nice,  
 To carry sae to me, Jenny.

S

S H E

## S H E.

O had awa', had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald,  
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,  
 It is not meet for me, Donald;  
 Some fickle mistress you may find,  
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;  
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,  
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,  
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;  
 I'll ne'er loo *mony*, I'll loo much,  
 I hate all levity, Donald.  
 Therefore, nae mair with art pretend,  
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;  
 For words of falshood ill defend  
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,  
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald;  
 Apparent worth, and fair renown  
 Made me believe you true, Donald:  
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn  
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald?  
 But now, the mask fall'n off, I scorn  
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever had awa',  
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;  
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,  
 And come nae mair to me, Donald:  
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,  
 For ane that's liker me Donald;  
 If sic a ane I canna find,  
 I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

## H E.

Then I'm the man, and false report  
 Has only tald a lye, Jenny;



To try thy truth, and make us sport,  
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

S H E.

When this ye prove, and still can love,  
Then come awa' wi' me, Donald?  
I'm we'll content ne'er to repent,  
That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.



FY let us a' to the bridal,  
For there will be liltin' there,  
For Jock's to be married to Maggy,  
The lass wi' the gowden hair;  
And there will be lang kail and pottage,  
And bannocks o' barley meal;  
And there will be good salt herring,  
To relish a cog of good ale.

Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the futor,  
And Will wi' the meikle mow;  
And there will be Tam the bluter,  
With Andrew the tinker, I trow;  
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,  
With thumblefs Katie's goodman;  
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,  
And Laurie the laird o' the land.

And there will be fow-libber Patie,  
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,  
That wins i' the how of the hill;  
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
Wha in wi' black Bessie did mool,  
Wi' sniveling Lilly, and Tibby,  
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenie,  
 And coft him gray breeks to his arse;  
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,  
 Great mercy it happen'd nae warse;  
 And there will be glee'd Geordy Jammers,  
 And Kirsh wi' the lily white leg,  
 Wha ga'd to the south for manners,  
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-Meg.

And there will be Juden Macławrie,  
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd Lawrie,  
 And shangy-mou'd haluckit Meg;  
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nancy,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Maddie, and fat-hippit Grily,  
 The la'st wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,  
 Wi' his glakit wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misse-shinn'd Mungo Mackapie,  
 The lad that was slipper himsel.  
 There lads and lasses in pearlins,  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',  
 On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,  
 Wi' fouth of good gabboks of skate,  
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,  
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate;  
 And there will be partans and buckies,  
 And whytens and speldings enew,  
 Wi' singit sheep-heads, and a haggas,  
 And scadlips to sip till ye spew.

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbucks,  
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,  
 Wi' swats and well-scraped paunchies,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps:

And there will be meal-kail and castocks,  
 Wi' skink to sup till ye rive;  
 And roasts, to roast on a brander,  
 Of flowks that were taken alive.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangles,  
 And a mill of good snishin to prie;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.  
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be lilting there,  
 For Jock's to be marry'd to Maggy,  
 The last wi' the gowden hair.



To its own Tune.

**S**YLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,  
 A stranger to the joys of love?  
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time  
 Ev'ry moment to improve.  
 Round thee wilt thou never hear  
 Little wanton girls and boys,  
 Sweetly sounding in thy ear  
 Infant prate, and mother's joys.  
 Sweetly sounding, &c.

Only view that little dove  
 Softly cooing to its mate;  
 As a farther proof of love,  
 See her for his kisses wait.  
 Hark! that charming nightingale,  
 As it flies from spray to spray,  
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,  
 I love! I love! it strives to say.

Sweetly tunes, &c.



Could I to thy soul reveal,  
 But the least, the thousandth part,  
 Of those pleasures lovers feel  
 In a mutual change of heart;  
 Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,  
 Virgin fears, from hence remove!  
 All the time is thrown away  
 That we cannot spend in love.

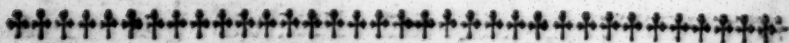
All the time, &c.



**B**LOW on, ye winds, descend, soft rain,  
 To soothe my tender woes;  
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,  
 And gives me short repose.

The sun, that makes all nature gay,  
 Disturbs my weary'd eyes;  
 And in dark shades I waste the day,  
 Where Echo sleeping lies.

Then pity me, O gentle love!  
 And come to my relief,  
 Lest innocence and virtue prove  
 A sacrifice to grief.



*A Song, modernized from CHAUCER.*

**F**ROM sweet bewitching tricks of love,  
 Young men your hearts secure,  
 Lest from the paths of sense you rove,  
 In dotage premature,  
 In dotage premature.  
 Look to each lass, thro' wisdom's glass,  
 Nor trust the naked eye.

Gallants



Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,  
The blind eat many a fly,  
The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks  
The borrow'd white you'll find;  
Some belles, when interest directs,  
Can even paint the mind,  
Can even paint the mind.  
Joy, in distress they can express,  
Their very tears can lye.  
Gallants beware, &c,

There's not a spinster in the realm,  
But can all mankind cheat,  
Down to the cottage, from the helm,  
The learn'd, the brave, the great,  
The learn'd, the brave, the great.  
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,  
T' entangle us they try.  
Gallants beware, &c.

Could we, with ink, the ocean fill,  
Was earth of parchment made,  
Was ev'ry single stick a quill,  
Each man a scribe by trade,  
Each man a scribe by trade:  
To write the tricks of half the sex,  
Would suck that ocean dry.  
Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,  
The blind eat many a fly,  
The blind eat many a fly.

A PANEGYRIC

## A PANEGYRIC on the LADIES,

Being CHAUCER's Recantation for *The blind eat many  
a Fly.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

OLD Chaucer once to this re-echoing grove,  
Sung "Of the sweet, bewitching tricks of love;"  
But soon he found he'd fully'd his renown,  
And arm'd each charming hearer with a frown.  
Then, self-condemn'd, anew his lyre he strung,  
And, in repentant strains this recantation sung.

## A I R.

Long since unto her native sky,  
Fled heaven-descended constancy;  
Nought now that's stable's to be had,  
The world's grown mutable and mad,  
Save women—they, we must confess,  
Are miracles of steadfastness;  
And ev'ry witty, pretty dame,  
Bears for her motto,—STILL THE SAME.

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,  
The white, the yellow, blue and green,  
In brief complexion idly gay,  
Still set with ev'ry setting day;  
Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,  
Their odours gone, their colour lost;  
But what is true, tho' passing strange,  
The women never—fade, or change.

The wise man said that all was vain,  
And folly's universal reign;  
Wildom its vot'ries oft enthralls,  
Riches torment, and pleasure palls;  
And 'tis, good lack, a general rule,  
That each man's soon or late a fool:

In women 'tis th' exception lies,  
For they are wondrous, wondrous wise.

This earthly ball with noise abounds,  
And, from its emptiness it sounds;  
Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,  
The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen:  
But women here no one suspects,  
Silence distinguishes that sex;  
For, poor dumb things! so meek's their mould,  
You scarce can hear 'em——when they scold.

### C H O R U S.

An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,  
An hundred pair of iron lungs,  
Five heralds, and five thousand cryers,  
With throats, whose accent never tires,  
Ten speaking trumpets, of a size  
Would deafness, with their din, surprise,  
Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say,  
And those that will believe it——may.



**I** ONCE saw Cupid in a dream,  
His darts were tip'd with pointed flame;  
You sleep, he cry'd, devoid of care,  
Nor languish yet for any fair.

Look here, and love: With that he drew  
Upon the wall, full in my view,  
A maid, with so divine a face,  
As seem'd of more than mortal race.

He laid the colours with such art,  
And gave to ev'ry moving part  
Such just proportion, that the whole  
Seem'd more to have, than want a soul.

With

With th' arrow's point he limn'd an eye,  
By whose keen rays might thousands die:  
No colours could have done so well,  
Or half their warmth or brightness tell.

I woke, and willing to obey,  
E'er since confess fair Chloe's sway.  
What heart so cold, as having felt  
Those flames, her eyes, and not to melt.



**S**ICK of the town, at once I flew  
To contemplation's rural seat;  
Adieu! said I, vain world, adieu!  
Fools only study to be great:  
The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,  
The moss-grown roof and matted floor,  
All these I had — 'twas mighty well,  
But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again  
I soon return'd, in hopes to find  
Ease for imaginary pain,  
Quiet of heart, and piece of mind.  
Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour  
My eyes with admiration fill,  
The world seem'd all within my pow'r,  
But yet I wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd,  
'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;  
Celia at length became a bride,  
A bride to Damon of the vale.  
All nature smil'd, the gloom was chear'd,  
Damon was kind, I can't tell how;  
Each place a paradise appear'd,  
And Celia wanted nothing now.

TOM



**T**OM loves Mary passing well,  
 But **Mary** she loves Harry,  
 While Harry sighs for bonny Bell,  
 And finds his love miscarry;  
 For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,  
 Tho' Mary flights his passion;  
 So strangely freakish are the turns  
 Of human inclination.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves;  
 Proud Hall despises Mary;  
 And all the flouts which Bell receives  
 From Tom, she vents on Harry.  
 Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo,  
 Nor turtles can be truer;  
 Each loves the object they pursue,  
 But hates the kind pursuer.

**Moll** gave Hall a wreath of flow'rs,  
 Which he, in am'rous folly,  
 Consign'd to Bell, and, in few hours,  
 It came again to Molly.  
 If one of all the four has frown'd,  
 You ne'er saw people grummer;  
 If one has smil'd, it catches round,  
 And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn  
 Throughout the British nation,  
 How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern  
 To smile a reformation:  
 And still, thro' life, this rule pursue,  
 Whatever objects strike ye,  
 Be kind to them who fancy you,  
 That those you love may like ye.



**W**HEN mighty Jove survey'd mankind,  
 And saw Belinda shine,

Struck

Struck was the God, on earth to find  
 A creature so divine.  
 Forthwith he call'd for Cupid's arms,  
 And ask'd a pow'rful dart,  
 To wound, with love, those beauteous charms  
 Which thus had smote his heart.

Cupid approach'd with trembling wings,  
 Unwilling to declare,  
 That he, from whom this passion springs,  
 Was captive to the fair.  
 Enrag'd at this, the godhead said,  
 Know, tho' thou'rt god of love,  
 Yet, of these realms I reign the head,  
 And who dare rival Jove?

Cupid, thus struck with deep affright,  
 Strait quits his native skies;  
 And, to avoid Jove's pow'rful might,  
 He flew to Bella's eyes:  
 There basking lurks, nor heeds the god  
 Who rules and governs all,  
 Convinc'd, that he, at Bella's nod,  
 A sacrifice must fall.

Fir'd with revenge, the god then swore  
 By high Olympus' hill,  
 That Cupid ne'er should ramble more,  
 But stay with Bella still.  
 Confin'd in her, he there remains,  
 Ne'er to return again:  
 Whilst she alone supremely reigns  
 Alike o'er gods as men.



W H A wad na be in love  
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?  
 A piper met her gaun to Fyfe,  
 And speer'd what was't they ca'd her;

Right scornfully she answer'd him,  
 Begone, you hallanshaker,  
 Job on your gate, you bladder-skate,  
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,  
 I'm fidgeting fain to see you;  
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee;  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 My name is Rob the ranter,  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Meg, hae you your bags,  
 Or is your drone in order?  
 If you be Rob, I've heard of you,  
 Live you upo' the border?  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard of Rob the ranter;  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,  
 Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted,  
 Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,  
 For brawly could she frisk it.  
 Well done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,  
 Well bob'd, quoth Rob the ranter,  
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,  
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Well hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson;  
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae well,  
 Since we lost Habby Simson.  
 I've liv'd in Fyfe, baith maid and wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter,  
 Gie you should come to Enster fair,  
 Speer you for Maggie Lauder.

COME, come, my dear brethren,  
 Great news I proclaim;  
 Our king's a free mason,  
 A mason of fame:  
 And tho' he's a king,  
 He's a brother to me:  
 No mortals but masons  
 So great then can be.

## C H O R U S.

So great then can be,  
 So great then can be;  
 No mortals but masons  
 So great then can be.

Who would not be proud, say,  
 Of such a great name?  
 He that's a free mason  
 Is a true son of fame;  
 Since kings, dukes, and princes,  
 Men of high degree,  
 Throw by their distinctions,  
 With us to be free.

With us to be free, &c.

We're sons of antiquity,  
 But not of pride:  
 The fathers of old they  
 Were all on our side.  
 Being struck with surprise  
 The grand temple to see,  
 They all were ambitious  
 Free masons to be,

Free masons to be, &c.

We're true and we're trusty,  
 We're just and sincere;  
 We're bless'd by the poor,  
 And ador'd by the fair.



Kings are our companions,  
So noble are we ;  
Then who would not with  
A free mason to be ?

A free mason to be, &c.

Why then should we mind  
The reflections of fools,  
Who know not the value  
Nor use of our tools ?  
We keep within compass,  
Our conducts square be ;  
To plumb, line, and level  
Our actions agree,

Our actions agree, &c.

With innocent mirth,  
And with social soul,  
Let's taste the pure nectar  
Of the flowing bowl :  
Then fill up a bumper ;  
My toast it shall be ;  
A health to our master,  
Our wardens, and we.

Our wardens, and we, &c.



FOR the sake of somebody,  
For the sake of somebody,  
I cou'd wake a winter night,  
For the sake of somebody :  
I am gawn to seek a wife,  
I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;  
I have three stane of woo,  
Carling, is thy daughter ready ?

For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say't thy fell,  
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,  
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,  
 Let her flyte, and syne come too :  
 What signifies a mither's gloom,  
 When love in kisses come in play ?  
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,  
 And in simmer make nae hay ?  
 For the sake, &c.

## S H E.

Bonny lad, I carena by,  
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,  
 Since ye are content to tye  
 The ha'f mark bridal band wi' me ;  
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,  
 And steal on linens fair and clean,  
 Syne at the trylting place we'll meet,  
 To do but what my dame has done.  
 For the sake, &c.

## H E.

Now my lovely Betty gives  
 Consent in sick a heartsome gate,  
 It me frae a' my care relieves,  
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate ;  
 Then let us gang and get the grace,  
 For they that have an appetite  
 Shou'd eat ;—and lovers shou'd embrace ;  
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.  
 For the sake, &c.



**G**ENTLY stir and blow the fire,  
 Lay the mutton down to roast :  
 Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,  
 In the dreeping-pan a toast,  
 That my hunger may remove ;  
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lies :

Oh the charming white and red !  
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,

On the sweetest grass it fed :  
Swiftly make the jack go round,  
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,

Let the knives be sharp and clean ;  
Pickles get of every fort,

And a sallad crisp and green :  
Then with small bear and sparkling wine,  
O ye gods ! how I shall dine.



*Tak your auld cloak about you.*

**I**N winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,  
And Boreas with his blasts sae bald,  
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :  
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,  
She said to me, right hastily,  
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,  
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromy is an useful cow,  
And she is come of a good kine ;  
Aft has she wet the bairns mou,  
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;  
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,  
The sun shines in the list sae hie ;  
Sloth never made a gracious end,  
Go tak your auld cloak about you.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,  
When it was fitting for my wear ;  
But now 'tis scanty worth a groat,  
For I have worn't this thirty year ;

Let's spend the gear that we have won,  
 We little ken the day we'll die :  
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn  
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,  
 His trows they cost but ha'f a crown ;  
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,  
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.  
 He was the king that wore a crown,  
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,  
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,  
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,  
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;  
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,  
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;  
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
 As they are girded gallantly,  
 While I sit hurklen in the ase,  
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thirty years,  
 Since we did ane anither ken ;  
 And we have had between us twa,  
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten :  
 Now, they are women grown and men,  
 I wish and pray well may they be ;  
 And if you prove a good husband,  
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves-na strife ;  
 But she wad guide me, if she can,  
 And to maintain an easy life,  
 I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman :  
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,  
 Unless ye give her a' the plea ;  
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,  
 And tak my auld cloak about me.



*The Bob of Dumblane.*

**L** ASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
 And I'll lend you my thripling kaim;  
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 Haste ye, gang to the ground of your trunkies,  
 Busk ye braw and dinna think shame;  
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies  
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,  
 And take my word and offer again.  
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
 Ye didna accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.  
 The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,  
 And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,  
 Away then, leave baith minny and daddy,  
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

*Hap me with thy Petticoat.*

**O** BELL thy looks have kill'd my heart,  
 I pass the day in pain.  
 When night returns I feel the smart,  
 And wish for thee in vain,  
 I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm:  
 Have pity, and incline,  
 And grant me for a hap that charming  
 petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,  
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,  
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,  
 Present thee to my arms.

But

But waking think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those pleasures, which can only cure  
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just reward that's due to love,  
 And let true passion die.  
 Oh! turn and let compassion seize  
 That lovely breast of thine;  
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,  
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight  
 That beauteous form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,  
 By hind'ring the design.  
 May all the pow'rs of love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine,  
 Or loose my chains, and set me free.  
 From ev'ry charm of thine.



### *The Last of Livingston.*

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,  
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear,  
 The gods descended from above,  
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.  
 They heard the praises of the youth  
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,  
 Who now converted was to truth,  
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung:

Blest days when our ingenious sex,  
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind,  
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex;  
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.

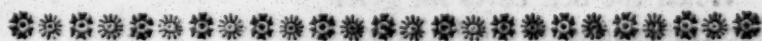
Repenting.

Repenting now, she promis'd fair,  
Wou'd he return—would he return,  
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,  
Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,  
Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,  
When he my yielding heart did gain,  
To own my flame—to own my flame?  
Why took I pleasure to torment,  
And seem too coy—and seem too coy?  
Which makes me now, alas! lament  
My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,  
Own your desire—own your desire,  
While love's young pow'r with his soft wing  
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,  
O do not with a silly pride,  
Or low design—or low design,  
Refuse to be a happy bride,  
But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,  
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.  
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,  
With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise.  
Some god had led him to the grove;  
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,  
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, my love,  
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!



### *Watty and Madge.*

In Imitation of WILLIAM and MARGARET.

**T**WAS at the shining mid-day hour,  
When all began to gaunt,  
That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,  
And the poor lad grew faint.

His

His face was like a bacon ham  
 That lang in reek had hung,  
 And horn-hard was his tawny hand  
 That held his hazel rung.

Sae wad the fastest face appear  
 Of the maist dressy spark,  
 And such the hands that lords wad hae,  
 Were they kept close at wark.

His head was like a heathery bush  
 Beneath his bonnet blew,  
 On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,  
 His bairdy bristles grew.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,  
 Gade rumbling thro' his kyte,  
 And nothing now but solid gear  
 Cou'd give his heart delyte.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,  
 To his lov'd Madge he ran,  
 Sunk down into the chimney nook  
 With visage sour and wan.

Get up, he cries, my crishy love,  
 Support my sinking faul  
 With something that is fit to chew,  
 Be't either het or caul.

This is the how and hungry hour,  
 When the best cures for grief  
 Are cogue-fous of the lythy kail,  
 And a good junt of beef.

Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,  
 I büt o'er justly trow'd  
 Your love was thowless, and that ye  
 For cake and pudding woo'd.



Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,  
 When all were fast asleep,  
 How ye kifs'd me frae cheek to cheek,  
 Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,  
 And comfort of your sight?  
 How cou'd you roose my dimpled hand,  
 Now all my dimples slight?

Why did you promise me a snood,  
 To bind my locks fae brown?  
 Why did you me fine garters height,  
 Yet let my hose fa' down?

O faithless Watty, think how aft  
 I ment your sarks and hose!  
 For you how mony bannocks stown,  
 How mony cogues of brose.

But hark!—the kail bell rings, and I  
 Maun gae link aff the pot;  
 Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,  
 To stegh your guts, ye sot.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,  
 Fat Madge return'd again,  
 Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himsell,  
 And sidg'd, he was fae fain.

He hy'd him to the favoury bench,  
 Where a warm haggies stood,  
 And gart his gooly thro' the bag  
 Let out its fat heart's blood.

And thrice he cry'd, come eat, dear Madge,  
 Of this delicious fare;  
 Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,  
 Till he could eat nae mair.

*Tarry Woo.*

**T**ARRY woo, tarry woo,  
Tarry woo is ill to spin,  
Card it well, card it well,  
Card it well ere ye begin.  
When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,  
Then the work is hastens done ;  
But when woven, drest and clean,  
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,  
That feed upon the mountains steep,  
Bleeting sweetly as ye go  
Through the winter's frost and snow,  
Hart and hynd and fallow deer,  
No be half so useful are ;  
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,  
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,  
O'er the hills and valleys trip,  
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,  
Sing the flocks that bear it too :  
Harmless creatures without blame,  
That clead the back and cram the wame,  
Keep us warm and hearty fou ;  
Leese me on my tarry woo.

How happy is a shepherd's life,  
Far frae courts and free of strife,  
While the gimmers bleet and bae,  
And the lambkins answer mae :  
No such musick to his ear,  
Of thief or fox he has no fear ;  
Sturdy kent, and colly too,  
Well defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none,  
 Not even a monarch on his throne,  
 Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,  
 Has not sweeter holy-days.  
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,  
 When a shepherd sings sae well ;  
 Sings sae well, and pays his due,  
 With honest heart and tarry woo.



## P E G G Y.

W<sup>H</sup>EN first my dear laddie gade to the the green  
 hill,  
 And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
 To bear the milk bowie, nae pain was't to me,  
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

## P A T I E.

When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells,  
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells.  
 Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,  
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

## P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :  
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me,  
 For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

## P A T I E.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden Broom-Knows*,  
 And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the Ews* ;  
 There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nansy can sing,  
 At *Throw the Wood Laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring :  
 But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,  
 The *Boat-man*, *Tweed-side*, or the *Lass of the Mill*,  
 'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;  
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

FROM perfect and unclouded day,  
From joys complete without allay,  
From joys, &c.  
And from a spring without decay,  
I come, by Cynthia's borrow'd beams,  
To visit my Cornelia's dreams,  
And give them still sublimer themes.

Cæsar himself it shall pursue,  
His days shall troubled be and few,  
His days, &c.  
And he shall fall by treason too,  
He by a sentence all divine,  
Shall fall a victim to my throne,  
As I was his he shall be mine.

## Where



Where guilty heads no crowns shall wear,  
Nor my Cornelia shed one tear,  
Nor Cæsar be dictator there.



WITH an honest old friend and a merry old song,  
And a flask of old port would I sit the night  
long;  
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,  
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,  
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;  
But what I abhor, and esteem as a curse,  
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless and gay,  
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;  
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,  
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.



Sung by Mrs. BAIRD at *Ranelagh*.

IN story we're told,  
How our monarchs of old,  
O'er France gain'd the royal domain;  
But no annals can show  
Their pride brought so low,  
As when great George the second did reign.  
Brave boys, &c.

Of Roman and Greek,  
Let fame no more speak,  
How their arms the old world did subdue;  
Thro' the nations around,  
Let the trumpet now sound,  
How Britons have conquer'd the new, &c.

East, west, north, and south,  
 Our cannons loud mouth,  
 Shall the right of our monarch maintain :  
 On America's strand,  
 Amherst limits the land,  
 Boicawen gave laws on the main, &c.

Each port, and each town,  
 We still make our own ;  
 Cape-Breton, Crown-Point, Niagar,  
 Guadaloupe, Senegal,  
 And Quebec's mighty fall,  
 Shall prove we've no equals in war, &c.

Tho' Conflans did boast,  
 He'd conquer our coast,  
 Our thunder soon made monsieur mute ;  
 Brave Hawke wing'd his way,  
 And pounc'd on his prey,  
 And gave him a British salute, &c.

Then at Minden you know,  
 How we conquer'd the foe,  
 Whilst homeward their armies did steal ;  
 There they cry'd, British bands,  
 Tho' too hard for our hands,  
 Yet, be gar! we can beat them at heels.  
 Morbleux, &c.

Brave Elliot again,  
 Met, all amain,  
 On the coast of Hibernia, the foe,  
 There, wing'd with the laws  
 Of his country's cause,  
 He boldly vanquish'd Thurot, brave boys.

Our heroes from home,  
 For laurels now roam ;  
 Shou'd their flat bottom'd boats but appear,  
 Our militia would show,  
 No wooden shoe'd foe,  
 Can with freemen in battle compare, &c.

Our fortunes, our lives,  
 Our children, our wives,  
 To defend is the time now, or never ;  
 Then let each volunteer,  
 To the drum head repair ;  
 King George and Britannia for ever,  
 Brave boys, &c.



**D** EIL take the wars that hurried Billy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn :  
 They made him captain sure to undo me,  
 Woe's me he'll ne'er return.  
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run :  
 Day and night I did invite him,  
 To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,  
 With muckle kind embraces,  
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;  
 And had he my soft arms  
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,  
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking ;  
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,  
 And on my head a hudge commode sat poking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again ;  
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,  
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;  
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,



Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee;  
 But oh! the fatal thought,  
 To Billy these are nought;  
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,  
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.



### *Rosline Castle.*

**T** WAS in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin, with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay;  
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,  
 While Rosline castle heard the swain,  
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 And hail the morning with a song:  
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,  
 O bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn.

O heark, my love, on ev'ry spray  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;  
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
 And love inspires the melting song:  
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,  
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

*Comes.*



Come, my love, thy Colin's lay  
With rapture calls, O come away ;  
Come while the muse this wreath shall twine,  
Around that modest brow of thine ;  
O hither haste, and with thee bring  
That beauty blooming like the spring,  
Those graces that divinely shine,  
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine..

+++++

**T**HO' bigots storm, and fools declaim,  
And masons some thro' ignorance blame,  
The good, the just, the learn'd, the wise,  
Free masonry will ne'er despise.

O'er all the earth let masons join,  
To execute one grand design ;  
And strike amazement into fools,  
Who laugh at masons and their tools.

On justice, truth, and charity,  
This edifice shall founded be ;  
And will conspire to rear the whole  
By wisdom's just unerring rule.

O'er all the earth, &c.

Let ev'ry mason then prepare  
By virtue's mould his work to square ;  
And ev'ry task adjusted be  
By level of equality.

O'er all the earth, &c.

Let jollity and freedom then  
For ever in our lodge remain,  
And still our work cemented be  
By universal harmony.

O'er all the earth, &c.

This

This structure we will fortify  
With the barrier of secrecy :  
A mason barrier we may boast  
Shall e'er impenetrable last.

O'er all the earth, &c.

To mutual love and friendship rais'd,  
This fabric shall by all be prais'd ;  
And those who strive to ridicule  
Our craft, shall but themselves befool.

Then o'er the earth, &c.



**A** DAWN of hope my soul revives,  
And banishes despair ;  
If yet my dearest Damon lives,  
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night ;  
My tender grief remove ;  
O ! send some cheering ray of light,  
And guide me to my love.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,  
The pensive Celia mourn'd ;  
While courteous echo lent her aid,  
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden Damon's well-known face,  
Each rising fear disarms ;  
He eager springs to her embrace,  
She sinks into his arms.



**H**OW blest has my time been ! what joys have I  
known,  
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own !

So

So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain,  
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,  
Around us our boys and girls frolick and play ;  
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,  
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me,  
And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen  
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green ;  
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,  
And meets me at night with complaisance and smiles,  
And meets me, &c.

What tho' on her cheek the rose loses its hue,  
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year thro' ;  
Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth,  
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth,  
And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,  
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,  
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam ;  
To hold it for life, you must find it at home,  
To hold it for life, &c



SONG. Upon Captain DEATH'S Battle with the  
French King's Frigate, The VENGEANCE.

THE muse, with the hero, together being fir'd,  
Equal views had each bosom inspir'd,  
For freedom they fought, and for glory contend ;  
The muse, with the hero, still mourns, as a friend ;  
Then let the muse this poor tribute bequeath  
To a true British hero, brave Captain Death ! &c.

His

His ship was The Terrible, dreadful to see,  
 Each man was as gallantly brave as was he!  
 Two hundred and more were his good complement,  
 But sure braver fellows to sea never went;  
 Each man being determin'd to spend his last breath,  
 In fighting for Britain, and brave Captain Death, &c.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,  
 But soon this good prize was lost on her course;  
 When the French Man of War and the Terrible met,  
 A battle began, all with horror beset,  
 No man was dismay'd, each as bold as Macbeath,  
 In fighting for Britain, and brave Captain Death, &c.

Grenadoes, fire and bullets were soon heard and felt,  
 A fight that the heart of Bellona would melt;  
 The rigging all torn, the decks fill'd with blood,  
 And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the flood;  
 The flood, from the time of old Noah to Seth,  
 Ne'er bore the fellow of brave Captain Death, &c.

But, at length, the dread bullet came, winged with  
 fate,  
 Our brave Captain dropt, and soon after his mate;  
 Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,  
 That soon dy'd the waves to crimson from green.  
 Then Neptune arose, and pull'd off his wreath,  
 And gave it to Triton, to crown Captain Death, &c.

Thus fell the strong Terrible, dreadfully bold,  
 But sixteen survivors, the tale could unfold;  
 The French prov'd the victors, tho' much to their cost,  
 Many a stout Frenchman, with Englishman being lost.  
 And thus said Old Time, since good Queen Elizabeth,  
 We ne'er saw the fellow of bold Captain Death, &c.

*Macpherson's*



*Macpherson's Rant.*

I'VE spent my time in rioting,  
 Debauch'd my health and strength;  
 I've pillag'd, plunder'd, murdered,  
 But now, alas! at length,  
 I'm brought to punishment direct.  
 Pale death draws near to me;  
 This end I never did project,  
 To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree! a tree!  
 That curs'd unhappy death!  
 Like to a wolf to worried be,  
 And choaked in the breath.  
 My very heart would surely break,  
 When this I think upon,  
 Did not my courage singular,  
 Bid pensive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,  
 More courage had than I;  
 I dar'd my foes unto their face,  
 And would not from them fly;  
 This grandeur stout, I did keep out,  
 Like Hector, manfully:  
 Then wonder one like me, so stout,  
 Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,  
 With courage more by far,  
 Than ever did a general  
 His soldiers in the war.  
 Being fear'd by all, both great and small,  
 I liv'd most joyfully:  
 O! curse upon this fate of mine,  
 To hang upon a tree.

As for my life, I do not care,  
 If justice would take place,  
 And bring my fellow plunderers  
 Unto this same disgrace.  
 For Peter Brown, that notour loon,  
 Escap'd, and was made free;  
 O! curse upon this fate of mine,  
 To hang upon a tree.

Both law and justice buried are,  
 And fraud and guile succeed,  
 The guilty pass unpunished,  
 If money interceed.  
 The laird of Grant, that Highland saint,  
 His mighty majesty,  
 He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,  
 And lets Macpherson die.

The dest'ny of my life contriv'd,  
 By those whom I oblig'd,  
 Rewarded me much ill for good,  
 And left me no refuge.  
 For Braco Duff, in rage enough,  
 He first laid hands on me,  
 And if that death would not prevent,  
 Avenged wou'd I be.

As for my life, it is but short,  
 When I shall be no more;  
 To part with life I am content,  
 As any heretofore.  
 Therefore, good people all, take heed,  
 This warning take by me,  
 According to the lives you lead,  
 Rewarded you will be.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to deny,  
And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by,  
I'll own, without blushing, were all the world by;  
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his hands did compose,  
Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the rose;  
Young myrtle in Spring did the borders enclose;  
And Willy's the lad, &c.

" By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd,  
" The rose, like your lips, in vermilion is dress'd,  
" And the lily, for whiteness, may vie with your breast."  
And Willy's the lad, &c.

These ribbons of mine were his gift at the fair,  
My mother looks cross, and cries, " Fanny, beware."  
But d'ye think I regard her, not I, I declare;  
For Willy's the lad, &c.

Beneath a tall beach, and reclin'd on his crook,  
I saw my dear shepherd, how sweet was his look!  
He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took.  
And Willy's the lad, &c.

I cry'd, you're too rude, with affected disdain,  
(For, early in life, we're instructed to feign,)  
He made me no answer, but kiss'd me again.  
And Willy's the lad, &c.

Then, what can I do? instruct me, ye maids,  
When a lover so closely, so warmly invades,  
Whose silence as much as his language persuades.  
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me,  
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

To the Tune of *By Jove I'll be free.*

*Magna est veritas, et praevalabit.*

**T**O the science that virtue and art do maintain,  
Let the muse pay her tribute in soft gliding strain,  
Those mystic perfections so fond to display,  
As far as allow'd to poetical lay.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That masons alone are the men who are free, &c.

Their origin they with great honour can trace,  
From the sons of religion and singular grace;  
Great Hiram and Solomon, virtue to prove,  
Made this the grand secret of friendship and love.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That masons, of all men, are certainly free, &c.

The smart and the beau, the coquette and the prude,  
The dull and the comic, the heavy and rude  
In vain may enquire, then fret and despise  
An art that's still secret 'gainst all they devise:

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That masons, tho' secret, are loyal and free, &c.

Commit it to thousands of different minds,  
And this golden precept you'll certainly find,  
Nor interest, nor terror, can make them reveal,  
Without just admittance, what they should conceal.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That masons alone are both secret and free, &c.

Fair virtue and friendship, religion and love,  
The motives of this noble science still prove;  
'Tis the key and the lock of christianity's rules,  
And not to be trusted to knaves or to fools.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That accepted masons are steady and free, &c.



Th' Ilr'lites distinguish'd their friends from their foes  
By signs and characters ; then say, why should those  
Of vice and unbelief, be permitted to pry  
Into secrets, that malons alone should descry?

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That masons, of all men, are secret and free, &c.

The dunce, he imagines that science and art  
Depend on some compact, or magical part :  
Thus, men are so stupid, to think that the cause  
Of our constitution's against divine laws.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That masons are jovial, religious and free, &c.

Push about the brisk bowl, let it circling pass,  
Let each chosen brother lay hold on his glass,  
And drink to the heart that will always conceal,  
And the tongue that our secrets will never reveal.

Each profession and class of mankind must agree,  
That the sons of old Hiram are certainly free, &c.



H E.

HASTE! haste! Phillis, haste! 'tis the first of sweet  
May;

Hark ! the gold-finches sing, to the woods let's away :  
We'll pluck the pale primrose, start not my dear,  
I've something to whisper alone in your ear,  
I've something to whisper alone in your ear.

S H E.

Excuse me, fond swain, it has often been said,  
The woods are unsafe for a virgin to tread;  
And a withered old gypsey one day I espy'd,  
Bid me shun the thick wood, and said something beside,  
Bid me shun the thick wood, &c.

H E.

'Tis all a mere fable, there's nothing to fright,  
 There's music all day, and no spectres at night;  
 No creature but Cupid, believe me, is there,  
 And Cupid's an urchin you surely can't fear,  
 And Cupid's an urchin, &c.

S H E.

For all I could say, when arriv'd at the wood,  
 Who knows your designs? you might dare to be rude;  
 So I bid you farewell, and confess I'm afraid,  
 Lest Cupid and you are too hard for a maid,  
 Lest Cupid and you, &c.

H E.

His dictates you wisely at once should approve,  
 For pray, what is life? 'tis a pain without love;  
 Think how youth, like the rose, tho' ungather'd, will  
     fade,  
 Then quickly comply, lest you die an old maid,  
 Then quickly comply, &c.

S H E.

By language as artful, poor Daphne was won,  
 Thus courted, she yielded, was trick'd and undone:  
 And, rather than trust the fine things you have said,  
 Let my beauty decay, and I die an old maid,  
 Let my beauty decay, &c.

H E.

Believe not I'm faithless and false as the wind,  
 I'll be true as the turtle, as fond and as kind;  
 I will lead you to pleasures untasted before,  
 And make you my bride, can a mortal do more?  
 And make you my bride, &c.

S H E.

Then at once I comply, for I cannot say no,  
 To-morrow to church with my shepherd I'll go;

To

To the wood next, tho' Cupid, so talk'd of, be there,  
 With joy I'll away, and adieu to all fear,  
 With joy I'll away, &c.

Ye nymphs, to the wood never venture to go;  
 'Till the priest joins your hand, you must answer, no, no.  
 Ye swains, should your fair ones be deaf to you still,  
 You must wear the soft chain, then they'll go where  
     you will,  
 You must wear the soft chain, &c.



To the Tune of *By Jove I'll be free.*

**O**F all institutions to form well the mind,  
 And make us to every virtue inclin'd,  
 None can with the craft of free masons compare,  
 Or teach us so truly our actions to square:  
     For it was ordain'd by our founder's decree,  
     That we should be loyal, be loving and free,  
                     Be loving and free, &c.

We in harmony, friendship and unity meet,  
 And every brother most lovingly greet;  
 And when we see one in distress, still impart  
 Some comfort to cheer and enliven his heart..  
     Thus we always live, and for ever agree;  
     Resolv'd to be loyal, most loving and free,  
                     Most loving and free, &c.

By points of good fellowship we still accord,  
 Observing each brother's true sign, grip and word,  
 Which from our great architect was handed down,  
 And ne'er will to any but masons be known.  
     Then here's to our brethren of ev'ry degree.  
     Who always are loyal, are loving and free,  
                     Are loving and free, &c.

Thus we interchangeably hold one another,  
 To let mankind see how we're link'd to each brother;  
 No monarch that secret knot can untie,  
 Nor can prying mortals the reason know why.  
 For our hearts, like our hands, still united shall be,  
 Still secret, still loyal, still loving and free,  
 Still loving and free, &c.



### The HUMOURS of COVENT-GARDEN.

**W**HEN all the tavern fires were dead,  
 The pimps and waiters gone to bed,  
 A buck was left alone, &c.  
 He rang'd the garden round and round,  
 But not one girl was to be found,  
 From Constables all flown,  
 From Constables all flown.

Where should he wander, to what shore,  
 The likeliest place to find a whore;  
 To mother Goold's he steers, &c.  
 The first he met was noisy Wymes,  
 Tho' drunk, yet forming of new schemes,  
 To cull poor bachelors, &c.

In the bar the hostess sat,  
 Whose heart was almost choak'd with fat,  
 'Tis she that sets her on, &c.  
 Dear Betsey, when you get a man,  
 Be sure you fleece him all you can,  
 As I do every one, &c.

Arrack and Madeira went about,  
 The buck, grown drunk, he made a rout,  
 A whore was all his tone, &c.  
 He kick'd poor James, he broke the bowl,  
 He damn'd the house, and Betsey's soul,  
 That whore of Babylon, &c.

Then



Then flew to the door, and call'd for a chair,  
Which had waited long for a fare,  
Bear me to Bow-street, quick! &c.  
There cross the lane, and thro' the court,  
And stop at Lucy Davenport's,  
And streight go thro' the Nuke, &c.

At Eastsmith's door he knocks, enrag'd,  
Said she, my girls are all engag'd,  
Such hours how can you keep? &c.  
Which struck the buck with such a damp,  
He quits the chair, and breaks her lamp,  
Then staggers home to sleep, &c.

The landlord rings his loud bar bell,  
And damns his waiters all to hell,  
And calls aloud for tea, &c.  
Hark! the tea spoons tinkling sound,  
See the china sparkling round,  
Put brandy in for me, &c.



To the Tune of *Rule Britannia*, &c.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid  
By the Almighty artist's hand,  
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,  
Establish'd by his strict command.  
Hail! mysterious, hail! glorious masonry,  
That makes us ever great and free.

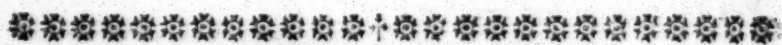
As man throughout for shelter sought,  
In vain from place to place did roam,  
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught  
To plan, to build, and fix his home.  
Hail! mysterious, &c.

Hence,

Hence, illustrious rose our art,  
 And now in beauteous piles appear,  
 Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,  
 How worthy and how great we are.  
 Hail! mysterious, &c.

Nor we, less fam'd for ev'ry tie  
 By which the human thought is bound,  
 Love, truth and friendship, and friendship socially  
 Doth join our hearts and hands around.  
 Hail! mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,  
 And to our precepts ever true,  
 The world admiring, admiring shall request  
 To learn, and our bright paths pursue.  
 Hail! mysterious. hail! glorious masonry,  
 That makes us great, and good, and free.



To the Tune of *My Apron Deary*.

**M**Y sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,  
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,  
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,  
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.  
 O! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
 Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  
 O! what had my youth, &c.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,  
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love;  
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue  
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.  
 O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
 I'll wander from love, and Amynta no more.  
 O! give me my sheep, &c.

Alas!

Alas ! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine,  
 Poor shepherd, Amynta no more can be thine :  
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain ;  
 The moments neglected, return not again.  
 O ! what had my youth with ambition to do ?  
 Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?  
 O ! what had my youth, &c.



SURE a lass, in her bloom,  
 At the age of nineteen,  
 Was ne'er so distress'd  
 As of late I have been ;  
 I know not, I vow,  
 Any harm I have done,  
 That my mother oft tells me,  
 She'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity  
 A girl such as I,  
 Should be sentenced fast  
 To pray and to cry ;  
 With ways so devout  
 I'm not like to be won ;  
 My heart it loves frolics  
 Too well for a nun.

Not to love ! nor be lov'd !  
 Oh ! I never can bear ;  
 Nor yield to be sent,  
 I cannot tell where ;  
 To live, or to die,  
 In this case, is all one,  
 Nay, I'd rather be dead,  
 Than be reckon'd a nun.

Perhaps 'tis to tease me,  
 She threatens me so,  
 I'm sure, were she me,  
 She'd stoutly say no.

But,

But, if she's in earnest,  
 I from her will run,  
 And be married in spight,  
 That I mayn t be a nun.



To the Tune of *The first of August.*

WITH cordial hearts let's drink a health  
 To ev'ry faithful brother,  
 Whose candid hearts, whilst breath endures,  
 Are faithful to each other,  
 Whose precious jewels are so rare,  
 Likewise their hearts so fram'd are,  
 And level'd with the truest square  
 That nature can discover.

The greatest monarch in the land,  
 Or in any other nation,  
 Would take a brother by the hand,  
 And greet him in his station.  
 Neither king, nor prince, tho' e'er so great,  
 Or any emperor of state,  
 But with great candour would relate  
 To ev'ry faithful brother.

The world shall still remain in pain,  
 And at our secrets wonder,  
 No Cowan shall it e'er obtain,  
 Tho' all their lives they ponder;  
 Still aiming at the chieftest light,  
 In which free masons take delight,  
 They never can obtain that light,  
 Tho' all their days they ponder.

King Solomon the great and wise,  
 He was a faithful brother;  
 Free-Masonry he ne'er despis'd,  
 No secrets he discover'd;

But



But he was always frank and free,  
 Professing such sincerity  
 To all of that fraternity,  
 He lov'd them 'bove all others.

Come, let us build on firm ground,  
 Still aiding one each other,  
 And lay a foundation that's most sound,  
 That no arts-man can discover;  
 Nor ever shall revealed be,  
 But to bright stars in masonry;  
 Here is to them, where'er they be,  
 I am their faithful brother.

Come, let us join our hearts and hands  
 In this most glorious manner,  
 And to each other firmly stand,  
 Under King George's banner;  
 That God may bless him still, I pray,  
 And over his enemies bear the sway,  
 And for ever win the day,  
 And crown his reign with honour.



To its own Tune.

**A**LAS! my son, you little know  
 The dangers that from wedlock flow;  
 Farewel to days and nights of ease,  
 When you have got a wife to please.  
 So bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
 You little ken what's to betide you yet,  
 The half o' that will gane you yet,  
 And a wayward wife will tame you yet.

Hercules and Samson too,  
 Were stronger men than I or you,

Yet

Yet they were conquer'd by their dames,  
And found the difference of the same.

So bide you yet, &c.

All the day do what you please,  
She'll find a thousand ways to tease;  
And when, at night, the curtain's drawn,  
She'll keep you waking a' night lang.

So bide you yet, &c.

Caps of steel, and strong built walls,  
Are proof 'gainst sea or cannon balls;  
But there is nought by sea or land,  
Against a wayward wife can stand.

So bide you yet, and bide you yet,  
You little ken what's to betide you yet,  
The half o' that will gane you yet,  
And a wayward wife will tame you yet.

\*\*\*\*\*

H E.

FIRST when I charming Celia saw,  
I was struck with more than mortal awe;  
With a fall, lall a.

I promis'd Celia to be true,  
And in my zeal I swore it too.

With a fall, &c.

And, that she might believe me more,  
I put in writing all I swore.

With a fall, &c.

Wrote on a leaf, the wind it blew,  
Away flew leaf and promise too.

With a fall, &c.

S H E.

Thy flatt'ring tongue I always thought,  
Light as the leaf on which you wrote.

With a fall, &c.

Damon's deceiv'd, who thinks to give  
Pain to a maid who scorns to grieve.

With a fall, &c.

WHEN

To the Tune of *Rule Britannia*, &c.

WHEN masonry, by heaven's design,  
Did enter first into great Hiram's brain,  
A choir of angels did rejoice,  
And this chorus sung with united voice.

Hail! you happy, happy sons that be  
Brothers of Free Masonry.

Great Hiram, he did then repair,  
And went to work with rule and square:  
With his level and plumb he formed a plan,  
And did the glorious temple frame.

Then hail! you happy, &c.

When Solomon beheld the same,  
He then set forth great Hiram's fame;  
O, excellent mason! he did say,  
Above all others you bear the sway.

Then hail! you happy, &c.

Now, to great Hiram's memory  
Let's fill a glass most pleasantly,  
Including St. John, who light did bring,  
Not forgetting great George our King.

Then hail! you happy, &c.

Then next to our Grand-Master pass,  
My brethren dear, a flowing glass,  
Including ourselves, so pass it round,  
And with a clap make th' lodge resound.

Then hail! you happy, happy sons that be  
Brothers of Free-Masonry.

CAULD and raw the north did blow,  
 Bleak in the morning early;  
 All the fields were hid with snow,  
 Cover'd with winter yearly;  
 As I was riding o'er the Slough,  
 I met with a farmer's daughter,  
 Her rosy cheeks and bonny brow;  
 Good faith my mouth did water.

Down I veil'd my bonnet low,  
 Meaning to shew my breeding;  
 She return'd a graceful bow,  
 Her visage far exceeding.  
 I ask'd her where she was going so soon,  
 And long'd to hold a parley;  
 She told me to the next market town,  
 On purpose to sell her barley.

In this purse, sweet soul, said I,  
 Twenty pounds lie fairly,  
 Seek no further one to buy,  
 For I'll take a' thy barley:  
 Twenty pounds more shall purchase delight,  
 Thy person I love so dearly,  
 If thou wilt lig with me all night,  
 And gang hame in the morning early.

If forty pounds would buy the globe,  
 This thing I would not do, Sir;  
 Or, were my friends as poor as Job,  
 I'd never raise them so, Sir:  
 For, should you prove one night my friend,  
 We's get a young kid together,  
 And you'd be gone ere nine months end,  
 Then where should I find the father?

Pray, what would then my parents say,  
 If I should be so silly,  
 To give my maidenhead away,  
 And lose my true love Billy?

Oh!



Oh! this would bring me to disgrace,  
 And therefore, I say you nay, Sir;  
 And if that you would me embrace,  
 First marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been,  
 Fourteen years and longer;  
 Else I'd chuse her for my queen,  
 And tie the knot still stronger;  
 She bid me then no farther come,  
 But manage my wedlock fairly,  
 And keep my purse for poor spouse at home,  
 For some other should buy her barley.

Then, as swift as any roe,  
 She rode away and left me;  
 After her I could not go,  
 Of joy she quite bereft me.  
 Thus I myself did disappoint,  
 For she did leave me fairly;  
 One word knock'd all things out of joint,  
 I lost both maid and barley.

Riding down a narrow lane,  
 Some two or three hours after,  
 Then I chanc'd to meet again  
 This farmer's bonny daughter.  
 Altho' it was both raw and cold,  
 I staid to hold a parley,  
 And shew'd once more my purse of gold,  
 When as she had sold her barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,  
 But let us change embraces;  
 I'll buy thee a fine silken gown,  
 With ribbands, gloves, or laces,  
 A ring and bodkin, muff and fan,  
 No Lady shall have neater;  
 For, as I am an honest man,  
 I ne'er saw a sweeter creature.

Then I took her by the hand,  
 And said, my dearest jewel,  
 Why shouldst thou thus disputing stand,  
 I pr'ythee be not cruel.  
 She found my mind was fully bent  
 To please my fond desire,  
 Therefore she seemed to consent,  
 But I wish I'd ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,  
 If I commit this evil,  
 And yield myself in love with you,  
 I hope you will prove civil?  
 You talk of ribbands, gloves and rings,  
 And likewise gold and treasure;  
 Oh! let me first enjoy those things,  
 And then you shall have your pleasure.

Sure thy will shall be obey'd,  
 Said I, my own dear honey;  
 Then into her lap I quickly laid  
 Full forty pounds in money.  
 We'll to the market-town this day,  
 And straightway end this quarrel,  
 And deck thee like a lady gay,  
 In flourishing rich apparel.

All my gold and silver there,  
 To her I did deliver;  
 On the road we did repair,  
 Out-coming to a river,  
 Whose waters are both deep and wide,  
 Such rivers I ne'er see many;  
 She leapt her mare on t'other side,  
 And left me not one penny.

Then my heart was sunk full low,  
 With grief and care surrounded,  
 After her I could not go,  
 For fear of being drowned:

She

She turn'd about, and said, Behold  
I'm not at your devotion;  
But, Sir, I thank you for your gold,  
'Twill serve to enlarge my portion.

I began to stamp and stare,  
To see what she had acted;  
With my hands I tore my hair,  
Like one that was distracted.  
Give me my money then, I cry'd,  
Good faith I did but lend it;  
But she full fast away did ride,  
And vow'd she did not intend it.



*O'er Bogie.*

**I** WILL awa' wi' my love,  
I will awa' wi' her,  
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,  
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.  
If I can get but her consent,  
I dinna care a strae;  
Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.

*I will awa', &c.*

For now she's mistress of my heart,  
And wordy of my hand,  
And well a wat we shanna part  
For filler or for land.  
Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
And beaux admire fine lace,  
But my chief pleasure is to blink  
On Ephy's bonny face.

*I will awa', &c.*

There a' the beauties do combine,  
 Of colour, traits and air;  
 The faul that sparkles in her een,  
 Makes her a jewel rare;  
 Her flowing wit gives shining life  
 To a' her other charms:  
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,  
 And lock'd up in my arms!

I will awa', &c.

A kifs of Ephy, and a smile,  
 Albeit ye wad lay down  
 The right you hae to Britain's isle,  
 And offer me your crown;  
 Fu' blythly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her sweets I range,  
 I'll cry your humble servant, king,  
 Shamefa' them that wad change.'

I will awa', &c.



To its own Tune.

S H E.

**H**OW canst thou leave thy Nancy;  
 And quit thy native shore,  
 It comes into my fancy,  
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

H E.

Yes, I must leave my Nancy,  
 To humble haughty Spain;  
 Let fears ne'er fill your fancy,  
 For we shall meet again.

S H E.

'Mongst the foaming billows,  
 When thund'ring cannons roar,  
 You'll think on those green willows,  
 And wish yourself on shore.

H E.



H E.

I fear no land nor water,  
I fear no sword nor fire,  
For sweet revenge and slaughter  
Is all my soul's desire.

S H E.

May guardian angels protect you  
From water, fire and steel,  
And may no fears affect you  
Like those I now do feel.

H E.

I leave to heaven's protection,  
My life and only dear;  
You have my soul's affection,  
So hence conclude me here.



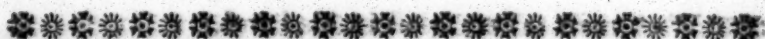
EV'RY man take a glass in his hand,  
And drink a good health to the king,  
Many years may he rule o'er the land,  
May his laurels for ever fresh spring:  
Let wrangling and jangling straightway cease,  
Let ev'ry man strive for his country's peace;  
Neither Tory nor Whig,  
With either parties look big,  
Here's a health to all honest men.

'Tis not owning a whimsical name,  
Will make a man honest or just;  
Let him fight for his country's fame,  
And impartial at home, if in trust.  
'Tis that which proves him an honest soul,  
Let's drink his health from a full brimming bowl;  
Then, who needs care a fig,  
Who's Tory, or Whig,  
Here's a health to all honest men.

When

When a company's socially set,  
 With intent to be merry and gay,  
 Their drooping souls to whet,  
 And drown the fatigues of the day.  
 What need we thus for to dispute,  
 When ne'er a man can his man confute;  
     When we've done what we dare,  
     Were just where we we're,  
 Here's a health to all honest men.

Then agree, brave Britons, agree,  
 Never quarrel about a nick name;  
 Let our enemies plainly see,  
     That Britons are always the same.  
 Our church, our king, our laws, our rights,  
 Let's lay aside feuds, and straight unite:  
     Then who needs care a fig,  
     Who's Tory, or Whig,  
 Here's a health to all honest men.



To the Tune of *My Apron Deary*.

J A M I E.

W H I L E our flocks are a feeding, and we're void of  
     care,  
 Come, Sandie, let's tune in praise of the fair;  
 For, inspir'd by my Susie, I'll sing in such lays,  
 That Pan, were he judge, must allow me the bays.

S A N D Y.

While under this hawthorn we ly at our ease,  
 By a musical stream, and refresh'd by the breeze  
 Of a zephyr so gentle, yes, Jamie, I'll try,  
 For to match you and Susie, dear Katty and I.

J A M I E.

Oh! my Susie so lovely, she's without compare,  
 She's so comely, so good, and so charmingly fair:

Sure

Sure, the gods were at pains to get so complete  
A nymph, that for love there was ne'er one so meet.

S A N D Y.

Oh! my Katy's so bright, she's so witty and gay,  
Love, join'd with the graces, around her looks play;  
In her mein she's so graceful, in her humour so free,  
Sure the gods never fram'd such a beauty as she.

J A M I E.

Had my Susie been there, when the shepherd declar'd  
For the lady of Lemnos, she had lost his regard;  
And, o'ercome by a presence more beautifully bright,  
He had own'd her outdone, as the darkness by light.

S A N D Y.

Not fair Helen of Greece, nor all the whole train,  
Either of real beauties, or those poets feign,  
Could be match'd with my Katy, whose ev'ry sweet  
charm,  
May conquer best judges, and coldest hearts warm.

J A M I E.

Neither riches, nor honour, nor any thing great  
Do I ask of the gods; but that this be my fate,  
That my Susie to all my kind wishes comply,  
For with her wou'd I live, and with her wou'd I die

S A N D Y.

If the fates give me Katy, and her I enjoy,  
I have all my desires, nought can me annoy:  
For my charmer has ev'ry delight in such store,  
She'll make me more happy than e'er swain before.



YOUNG Bacchus, when merry bestriding his tun,  
Proclaim'd a neighbourly feast.  
The first that appear'd was a man of the gown,  
A jolly parochial priest;

He

He fill'd up his bowl, drank a health to the church,  
 Preferring it to the king,  
 Altho' he long since had left both in the lurch,  
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative blade, (whom we call  
 A doctor of the civil law,)  
 He guzzl'd and drank up the devil and all,  
 As fast as the drawer could draw;  
 But a health to all nobles he stily deny'd,  
 Tho' lustily he could swill,  
 Because, still the faster the quality dy'd,  
 It brought the more grist to his mill.

The next a physician to ladies and lords,  
 Who eases all sickness and pain,  
 And conjures distempers away with hard words,  
 Which he knows is the head of his gain:  
 He stepp'd from his coach, fill'd his cup to the brink,  
 And quaffing, did freely agree,  
 That Bacchus, who gave us such cordial to drink,  
 Was a better physician than he.

The next was a justice who never read law,  
 With twenty informers behind;  
 On free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,  
 'Till his worship had drunk himself blind;  
 Then reeling away, they rambl'd in quest  
 of drunkards and jilts of the town,  
 That they might be punish'd to frighten the rest,  
 Except they would drop him a crown.

The fifth was a tricking attorney at law,  
 By tallymen chiefly employ'd,  
 Who lengthen'd his bills with co hy and mawdraw,  
 And a thousand such items beside:  
 The healths that he drank were to Westminster-hall,  
 And to all the grave Dons of the gown;  
*Rependum* in Petro, *durendum* in Paul,  
 Such Latin sure never was known.



The last that appear'd was a soldier in red,  
 With his hair doubl'd under his hat,  
 Who was by his trade a fine gentleman made,  
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a rat :  
 He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his king,  
 Or the help of some impudent punk,  
 That he would not depart, till he made the butt sing,  
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.



WE'RE gayly yet, and we're gayly yet,  
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet ;  
 Then sit ye a while, and tipple a bit,  
 For we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.

There was a lad, and they ca'd him Dicky,  
 He gave me a kiss, and I bit his lippy ;  
 Then under my apron he shew'd me a trick,  
 And we're no very fou, but we're gayly yet.  
 And we're gayly yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad,  
 There were three lasses, and them they had ;  
 Three trees in the orchard are newly sprung,  
 And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young.

Then up wi't Ailly, Ailly, up wi't Ailly now,  
 Then up wi't Ailly, quo' a cummer, we's a' get roaring  
 fou :

And one was kist in the barn, and another was kist on  
 the green,  
 And t'other behind the pease stack,  
 'Till the mow flew up to her een.  
 Then up wi't Ailly, &c.

Now, fy, John Thomson run,  
 Gin ever ye ran in your life ;  
 De'il get you, but hey, my dear Jack,  
 There's a man got a bed with your wife.  
 Then up wi't, &c.

Then

Then away John Thomson ran,  
 And I trow he ran with speed;  
 But before he had run his length,  
 The false loon had done the deed.  
 We're gayly yet,



To the Tune of *Tanto Tanto*.

**V**IRTUE'S treasure  
 Is a pleasure,  
 Chearful ev'n amidst distress;  
 No pain, no losses,  
 No grief no crosses,  
 Nor death itself can make it less.  
 Here relying,  
 Suff'ring, dying,  
 Honest souls find all redress.



**M**Y name is Argyle, you may think it strange,  
 To live at the court and never to change:]  
 All falshood and flatt'ry I do disdain;  
 In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:  
 In siege nor in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd,  
 I al'ways my king and my country have fac'd;  
 I'll do any thing for my country's well,  
 I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,  
 For to my ain country I will gang down;  
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,  
 I'll cock up my bonnet, and march amain.  
 O the muckle deil tak a' your noise and strife,  
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,  
 Where a' the bra' lasses, wha kens me well,  
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,  
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,  
 Wi' my plaiding stockings and leather d'heel d' shoon,  
 They'll make me appear a fine sprightly loon.  
 And when I am dress'd thus frae tap to tae,  
 Home to my Maggie I think for to gae,  
 Wi' my claymore hanging down to my heel,  
 To whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,  
 A pair of fine garters for Maggie to wear,  
 And some pretty else, I do declare,  
 When she gangs wi' me to Paisly fair.  
 And when we are married we'll keep a cow,  
 My Maggie shall milk her and I will plow;  
 We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,  
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.

If my Maggie should chance to bring me a son,  
 He's fight for his king as daddy has done;  
 I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,  
 Syne hame into Scotland and keep a farm.  
 And thus we'll live and industrious be,  
 And wha'll be so great as my Maggie and me;  
 We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,  
 Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley meal.

Adieu to you citizens ev'ry ane,  
 Wha' jolt in your coaches to Drury lane;  
 You bites of Bear-garden who fight for gains,  
 And you fops that have got more wigs than brains;  
 You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,  
 For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you;  
 Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your teal,  
 I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley meal.

I'll leave off kissing a citizen's wife,  
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life;



Kissing and toying I'll spend the lang day,  
 Wi bonny young lasses on cocks of hay ;  
 Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass,  
 A kiss and a tumble upo the green grass.  
 I'll away to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,  
 And whang at the bannocks o' barley meal.



**W**HEN the buds first appear  
 To hail in the year,  
 And all nature looks youthful and gay ;  
 When the birds on each bough,  
 By their mates sit and coo,  
 And are chanting their loves on each spray,  
 And are chanting, &c.

In a cottage at night  
 May I take great delight,  
 In the fields and the meadows all day,  
 With my sweet Florimel,  
 Whose charms do excel  
 All the beautiful flowers in May, &c.

When the lark, with shrill tone,  
 Sings aloft in the morn,  
 Let my fairest, (and I then awake,)  
 View the far distant hills,  
 'Mongst the sweet purling rills,  
 Then arise, and our cottage forsake.

When the sun shines so high,  
 That my charmer and I  
 To some neighbouring plain may repair ;  
 There sweet pleasure enjoy,  
 And ambition defy,  
 While we breathe the fresh sweets of the air.



And, when we return  
 To our cottage at night,  
 Hand in hand as we saunter and stray;  
 Let the moon's silver beams,  
 Thro' the trees dart their gleams,  
 Shew the path and conduct us our way.

Let the nightingale's song  
 Pass the thickets along,  
 As thus gently and slowly we move,  
 And let no other talk  
 Be expressed in our walk,  
 But of tender caressing and love.

At the time of sweet rest,  
 With my charmer thus blest,  
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,  
 Let us hug ay, and kiss,  
 And taste of that bliss,  
 Which the sun-shine and day-light forbids.



**L** OVELY goddess, sprightly May,  
 Fairest daughter of the day,  
 Hither come with roses crown'd,  
 Painting, as you tread, the ground.  
 Painting, as you tread, &c.

Tulips rear their glitt'ring head,  
 Pinks bestrew their fragrant beds,  
 Woodbines, spangled o'er with dew,  
 Deck their arborets for you.  
 Deck their arborets, &c.

Hear the birds around thee sing,  
 In the gardens of the Spring;  
 Ev'ry bush, and ev'ry tree  
 Warbles forth its joy to thee,  
 Warbles forth, &c.

Nature's songsters all are gay,  
 At the lov'd approach of May;  
 All, great queen, thy praises sing,  
 Thine, great empress of the Spring,  
 Thine, great empress, &c.

Goddeſs, in thy veſt of green,  
 Goddeſs, with thy youthful mein,  
 Haſte, and bring thy mines of wealth,  
 Gladneſs, and her parent health,  
 Gladneſs, &c.

Bring with thee thy chearful train,  
 Chasing care, and chasing pain;  
 See, the lovely graces all  
 Throng, obedient to thy call,  
 Throng, obedient, &c.

Goddeſs haſte, and bring with thee  
 Virtue's child, fair Liberty;  
 For, if Liberty's away,  
 Who can taſte the month of May,  
 Who can taſte, &c.

Here he comes, I hear the ſound  
 Of the merry ſongſters round;  
 Here he comes, freſh and gay,  
 Paying homage to the May,  
 Paying homage, &c.

Goddeſs, who perfum'ſt the air,  
 Who has deck'd the earth ſo fair,  
 Thou, with gladneſs by thy ſide,  
 Still'ſt the raging of the tide,  
 Still'ſt the raging, &c.

Bid'ſt the winds forbear to roar;  
 And, ſtern winter ſeen no more,  
 Meads and groves their echoes ring,  
 Love himſelf is on the wing,  
 Love himſelf, &c.

Lovely nymph, divinest May,  
 Thou to whom this verse I pay;  
 O! thy healing warmth impart,  
 To the mistress of my heart,  
 To the mistress, &c.

Ev'ry day with gladness crown,  
 By her health preserve my own:  
 Blooming nymph of heavenly birth,  
 Goddess, thou of health and mirth,  
 Goddess, thou of health and mirth.



SEE, Stella, see that crystal stream  
 That down the valley strays,  
 Can art attempt, or fancy dream,  
 To guide its winding way,  
 To guide, &c.

So pleas'd, I view thy shining hair  
 In artless ringlets flow,  
 Not all thy art, not all thy care  
 Can there one grace bestow,  
 Can there, &c.

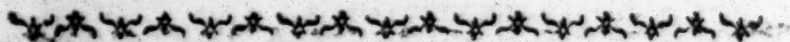
Behold again that verdant hill  
 With flow'rs enamell'd o'er,  
 Nor can the painter's utmost skill  
 Pretend to please me more,  
 Pretend to please, &c.

In vain wouldst thou, with baneful eyes,  
 Mend what thy cheeks disclose,  
 O! may my fair, before she tries,  
 Improve the blooming rose,  
 Improve, &c.



Tho' now the linnets tuneful throat:  
 Each studied grace excell,  
 Let art constrain his rambling note,  
 Then will it please so well,  
 Then will it please, &c.

Oh! ever keep thy native ease,  
 By no ill modes confin'd,  
 For Stella's voice is found to please,  
 When Stella's words are kind,  
 When Stella's words are kind.



**W**HO has e'er been at Baldock, must needs know  
 the mill,  
 At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill,  
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,  
 Without all distinction promiscuously go,  
 Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,  
 With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,  
 That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,  
 I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood,  
 That once on the ever-green, &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake,  
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the look of a rake;  
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill  
 The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill,  
 While nothing but virtue, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,  
 Tenliven that mass which he modell'd of clay;  
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes  
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.  
 Had Polly been with him, &c.

Since



Since first I beheld this dear lass of the mill,  
 I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will,  
 All the day, all the night I sigh, and think still,  
 I shall die, if I have not the lass of the mill.  
 All the day, and all night I sigh, &c.



**O**F all my experience how vast the amount,  
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count;  
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,  
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid.  
 Yet still be a maid, yet still be a maid,  
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid.

You heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,  
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,  
 Of prowess approv'd, of no danger afraid,  
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid.  
 And see me a maid, and see me a maid,  
 Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid.

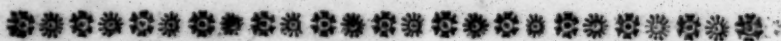
Ye counsellors sage, who with eloquent tongue  
 Can do what you please, both with right and with wrong,  
 Can it be by law, or with equity said,  
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid.  
 Ought to die an old maid, ought to die an old maid,  
 That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill  
 Can save, or demolish, can heal, or can kill,  
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,  
 Who is sick, very sick of remaining a maid.  
 Of remaining a maid, of remaining a maid,  
 Who is sick, very sick of remaining a maid.

Ye fops I invoke not to list' to my song,  
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong;

Ye

Ye echo of echoes, and shadows of shade,  
 For if I had you; I might still be a maid.  
 I might still be a maid, I might still be a maid,  
 For if I had you, I might still be a maid.



**H**ARK, Daphne! from the hawthorn bush,  
 The spotted finches sing;  
 In artless notes, the merry thrush  
 Salutes the blooming spring:  
 On verdant bed the violet lies,  
 To woo the western gale;  
 While tow'ring lilies meet our eyes,  
 Like love sick virgins, pale.  
 While tow'ring lilies, &c.

The rill that gushes o'er the shore,  
 Winds murmur thro' the glade,  
 So heart-struck Thyrsis tells his moan,  
 To win his clay-cold maid.  
 The golden sun, in fresh array,  
 Flames forward on the sphere,  
 Around the May-pole shepherds play,  
 To hail the flow'ry year.  
 Around the May-pole, &c.

Say, shall we taste the breezy air,  
 Or wander thro' the grove,  
 There talk of Sylvia's wild despair,  
 The prey of lawless love.  
 Ah no! she cries, o'er Sylvia's fall  
 Exult not, tho' 'twas just,  
 Dash not the sinner's name with gall,  
 Nor triumph o'er her dust.  
 Dash not the sinner's name, &c.

True virtue scorns to fling the dart,  
 Herself above all fear;

When justice stings the guilty heart,  
 She drops the gen'rous tear.  
 Then on, ye nymphs, this godlike truth  
 Is on your hearts impress'd,  
 On brightest patterns form your youth,  
 And be for ever blest'd.  
 On brightest patterns, &c.



FOR many a year, 'twixt hope and despair,  
 Young Damon a maiden had woo'd,  
 She knew by his sighs, his heart was her prize,  
 Yet nothing could move the coy prude.  
 At length wearied out, in passion devout,  
 I'll leave her, I'll leave her, he cry'd;  
 And, when 'tis too late, she'll curse her sad fate,  
 And mourn the effects of her pride, &c.

Now free was his heart, but Cupid a dart  
 Let fly from his ne'er failing bow,  
 And gay Coquetill could force him at will,  
 To his wonted amusement, heh-ho!  
 She heard him complain, and laugh'd at his pain,  
 And bade him, in passion, forget.  
 He vow'd and he swore, he'd love evermore,  
 Yet nothing could move the coquette.

Again disengag'd, at fortune enrag'd,  
 Farewel, he exclaim'd, to a wife:  
 The man that has try'd, and twice been deny'd,  
 Must hate the whole sex for his life.  
 Then think, O ye fair, who strive to ensnare,  
 Ere time your bright beauty invades;  
 Be gentle and kind when the youth's in the mind,  
 Or faith you may all die old maids.



WHILE misers at night still are watching their stores,  
 And at day sternly drive the distress from their doors;  
 While



While courtiers each other subvert in the state,  
And obstinate churchmen new maxims create,  
We are frugally generous, nor each other wrong,  
But enjoy us at night, and conclude with a song,  
But enjoy us at night, &c.

Let sharpeners attempt by false arts to ensnare,  
Till at length they receive their long merited fare.  
Let spendthrifts consume, till too late they repent  
The loss of their riches so lavishly spent.

C H O R U S.

While with honest industry we live the day long,  
And enjoy us at night, and conclude with a song,  
And enjoy us at night, &c.

Tho' drunkards in claret such virtue profess,  
They'd find it more sovereign were they to drink less :  
Tho' rakes say, in woman is center'd all bliss,  
They've reason sometimes to regret a close kiss.

C H O R U S.

Such different extremes then to us don't belong,  
And yet women and wine are the life of our song,  
And yet women and wine, &c.

Ye toppers and rakes, would you lead happy lives,  
Be moderate in drinking, and chuse modest wives ;  
Let churchmen with churchmen, and courtiers be friends,  
For in friendship all earthly enjoyment depends.

C H O R U S.

And when you're united thus lasting and strong,  
Like us you'll be jovial, and end with a song,  
Like us you'll be jovial, &c.



WHEN tutor'd, my mother the oftentimes said,  
There a money bid for thee, girl, hold up thy head ;  
She laid out my week with a housewifery care,  
And making a mark, bid me stick a pin there.

The



The humour so pleas'd me, however observ'd,  
In spite of my teeth it became a cant word;  
And once, when the parson had ended his prayer,  
I could not help calling out, stick a pin there.

He came to my mother and loudly complain'd,  
His pardon I ask'd, but my sorrow was feign'd;  
But before he could clap his fat bum on a chair,  
I slyly stoop'd down, and did stick a pin there.

I met my dear Jack in a field of new hay,  
He kiss'd me, and teas'd me with am'rous play,  
A green gown he gave me, and swore it was fair;  
Hold, firrah, says I, would you stick a pin there?

He often attempted to rattle my charms,  
As often I push'd the dear youth from my arms;  
But sooner or later he'll baffle my care,  
For Jocky's the lad that shall stick a pin there.



**A**S t other day o'er the green meadow I pass'd,  
A swain overtook me, and held my hand fast,  
Then cry'd, my dear Lucy, thou cause of my care,  
How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis despair:  
To crown my soft wishes no longer be shy;  
But frowning, I answer'd, Oh! fye, shepherd, fye!

He told me his passion like time should endure,  
That beauty which kindled his flame would secure;  
That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design'd,  
And youth was the season to love and be kind.  
Lord, what could I say, I could hardly deny,  
But faintly I utter'd, Oh! fye, shepherd, fye!

He swore, with a kiss, that he would not refrain;  
I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again;  
My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er call,  
Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all;  
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply,  
Now guess if I still said, fye, shepherd, fye!

**I** HOPE there's no soul  
Met over this bowl,  
But means honest ends to pursue;  
With the voice goes the heart,  
Let's never depart,  
From the faith of an honest true blue, true blue,  
From the faith of an honest true blue.

For country and friends  
Let us scorn private ends,  
And keep old British virtue in view;  
Despising the tribe  
Who are sway'd by a bribe,  
Be honest and ever true blue,  
Be honest, &c.

On the politic knave,  
Who strives to enslave,  
Whose schemes the whole nation may rue;  
On pension and place,  
That cur'd disgrace,  
Turn your backs and be staunch, be true blue,  
Turn your backs, &c.

With hounds and with horns  
We will rise in the morn,  
With vigour the fox to pursue;  
Corruption's the cry,  
We will chase till we die,  
'Tis worthy a British true blue,  
'Tis worthy, &c.

Here's a health to all those,  
Who do slavery oppose,  
And our trade both defend and renew;  
To each honest voice  
That concurs in the choice,  
And support of an honest true blue,  
And support, &c.

**T**IS a twelve-month ago, nay, perhaps they are twain,  
 Since Theseus neglected the nymphs of the plain;  
 And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows along,  
 To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song.

What at first was but friendship, soon grew to a flame,  
 In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the same;  
 From each other our passion we sought not to hide,  
 But who should love most, was our contest and pride.

But prudence soon whisper'd us, "Love not too well,  
 "For envy has eyes, and a tongue that will tell;  
 "And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its side,  
 "The grave ones will scorn, and a mother must chide."

Afraid of rebuke, he his visits forbore,  
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more;  
 Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind,  
 So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,  
 Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid:  
 If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your care,  
 Condemn the God Cupid, but bless the fond pair.



**L**ET masons be merry each night when they meet,  
 And always each other most lovingly greet;  
 Let all fraud and discord be sunk in the deep,  
 By such as are able great secrets to keep;  
 Let all the world gaze on our art with surprize  
 For they are all in the dark 'till we open their eyes.

Whoever in masonry perfect is found,  
 And knows what belongs to its secrets profound  
 He's always respected, whether wealthy or mean,  
 And is never seen careless of matters divine;  
 His actions are bright, and his life has no stain,  
 And at last will be happy in spite of bad fame.



To princes we're fellows, to kings we are brothers,  
 And all honest masons carefs still each other;  
 We lovingly meet, and most lovingly part,  
 None bearing a grudge to a brother in heart;  
 Let fools be deceitful, a mason shall ne'er,  
 All malice and discord is out of his sphere.

A mason shall ne'er to treason consent,  
 And ne'er of religion will speak with contempt;  
 To all men does justice, and is true to the fair,  
 The widow and orphan are often his care;  
 His stores are still open, their wants to supply,  
 In lifetime he's happy, and happy he'll die.

The Sanctum Sanctorum by masons was fram'd,  
 And all the fair building the temple contain'd,  
 By Hiram grand-master, who the work so brought on,  
 That the noise of a tool was not heard all along;  
 And the number of workmen that round it did move,  
 By him were directed, being inspir'd from above.

On St. John's day our lodge did most lovingly join,  
 When joy in each face did most gracefully shine;  
 Great toasts did each bumper most loyally crown,  
 With rum, rack and claret, the best in the town;  
 Here's a health to all masons, and all their chaste wives,  
 Whose charming sweet faces still dazzle our eyes.



F. I. N. I. S.

*[Handwritten flourish or signature]*



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